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CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

BY A. T. E.

We meant to do it. Some day, some day,
We meant to slacken this feverish rush
That is wearing out very souls away.
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We meant to do it. Oh, never doubt.
When the burden of daytime toil is o'er,
We sit and muse, while stars come out,
As the Patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward-gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We promised our hearts: and when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinder less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes Care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on;—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE moment more she lingered. It was to kneel and breathe a silent prayer, while she held the tiny waxen hand that drooped beyond the white bed pressed against her tear-stained cheek.

This was the last wordless outburst of her grief.

Rising, she stole away softly and silently as a shadow flits from the sight when a light vanishes.

Down in the dim hall where the faded portraits frowned as of old upon her meek gentle figure, she paused, half in doubt, half in anguish and fear.

But no step, no sound broke the dead silence of the night; and gathering courage she opened the door of the library, where in the morning Mr. Fitzurse breakfasted, and read and wrote his letters.

The room was empty; yet her heart beat fast as with faltering step she walked to the writing-table and laid a letter down near the portfolio which she knew he would open in the morning.

This done, she extinguished the small reading-lamp, lest, contrary to his custom, he should come thither again to-night and see her letter before the time when she wished him to find it.

In an instant she was in the hall again, and laid her hand upon the lock of the last door that lay between her and the wide world.

Her heart rose and swelled, her lip trembled, her tears fell, but her firm hand turned the lock.

Another moment, and she was out in the cold air, the moonlit avenue and the tall gate before her, and behind her the closed door of the dear home she was leaving for ever.

She stood still for just a second or two, her tear-filled eyes fixed on a lighted window with drawn blinds.

Behind these Mr. Fitzurse sat, with untouched wine and fruit before him, unconscious of the slight trembling figure that, with quivering eyelids and full heart, stole away amid the broken shadows of the old trees, and out through the tall gate into the broad road, where the moonlight fell silvery upon her pale brave face and lighted up her homeless way with a cold and cruel glare.

* * * * * *

Presentiments, forebodings, dreams, terrors, belong to the region of night—then it is that our nervous faculties are on the alert, and those mysterious attributes of the mind which are dulled or quenched by daylight stir within us, bringing us visions or voices that seem to come from the unknown world.

Yet they are but the awakening of the inner and often unrecognized powers that belong to our nature—powers that warn us of danger, instincts that whisper of approaching sorrow, insight that makes visible for one shrinking moment the presence of the unseen.

At such awakening times, when the nerves are unsheathed from their grosser coverings, we feel the great truth that within our flesh there is a spirit having affinity with other spirits, and it would need but a touch of a spirit-hand to lift the veil and show us sights undreamt of hitherto in our blind philosophy.

The breathings of the mighty and unseen multitude, with which we are akin, are upon us; they crowd us round and murmur unutterable things not lawful for mortals to know.

Was Alan Fitzurse dreaming, or was it a real voice calling through the watches of the night?

"Alan, Alan, arise, and, if you remember my death and the terror of it, save this young innocent life from my fate!"

The blind of the window was partially lifted; the moonlight wrought a white ghost upon the floor, and round the crevices and mullions and ivied walls of the old house there moaned a wailing sound as of imprisoned winds crying for freedom. The voice had ceased, and there crept upon the room a dead silence—a silence of expectancy in which the ear waited for a sound the eye for a presence that would make the heart leap in agony.

Without was the rustle of yellow leaves, the glitter of pale stars, the chill light of a sinking moon; within, the ashes of a dead fire, the terrible silence of a great fear, and the beating of a human heart awakening in strange horror.

Hark, there was a cry! It was real, it was human, and, though it made his pulses leap it was a thousand times less startling than the mad dream from which he had awakened with beads of perspiration on his brow.

He took a candlestick from a side-table, and, after one glance round the desolate-looking room, went into the hall, where darkness met him, save for the small light he carried.

Here the cry was more distinct, and he recognised his child's voice, shrieking in strange terror akin to his own.

"Alan wants you!" cried the boy. "Grace, Grace come back to me!"

The piteous voice, piped to highest childish treble, found an echo in the father's heart, as like a wail it met him at the foot of the old wide stairs.

In another moment he was at the foot of his boy's cot.

The little fellow was sitting up in his bed, with small white face and terror-dilated eyes, his whole weak frame trembling visibly.

Mr. Fitzurse bent over him tenderly.

"What is the matter, Alan? Do not be afraid. I am here."

"Alan wants Grace. Oh, with all his heart he wants Grace!"

"So do I," thought the elder Alan: and a cynical smile touched his lips and fled.

"But Grace sleeps, my child, and I cannot wake her."

"No, no, Grace is gone. I dreamt she came and kissed me, and said good-bye. And I thought Charlotte was come back, and I cried."

"It was all a dream, Alan. There, lie down again, little one, and go to sleep."

The child obeyed; but his small wistful face wore a look of sorrow that held his father's eyes enchained.

"You are not ill, Alan?" he said very anxiously.

"No; but if it is a true dream, papa, I think I shall die." He held up his tiny hand to the light with eyes on it that gathered tears. "I felt her kiss here—on my hand. And Charlotte came; there was a man with her: he held a knife——"

He stopped here: his large eyes dilated, a fever-spot growing on his cheeks.

His father took the little hand and pressed it against his own lips; if a kiss from Grace had rested there, it was the dearer to him for his touch.

"It was all a bad dream, Alan. Nothing can hurt thee, child, while I am here."

"And Grace will come back?"

Mr. Fitzurse smiled at the boy's persistence; no shadow of the truth had yet touched him.

"She shall come back. I promise that. Now sleep contentedly."

Childish faith—how great, how beautiful it is! Mr. Fitzurse felt his heart swell as he saw the trustful serenity of the little face, as he saw the eyes close in calm belief, the long lashes sweeping the fevered cheeks, as he watched the soft breathings drop gradually into blissful sleep. Then a sigh escaped his own lips.

This little life—how precious it was to him! It was all he had in the wide world. Father or mother, brother or sister, he had none.

All around him, but for this frail life, was spread an arid loneliness.

And love, which might make this wilderness blossom like the rose, was come to him only in bitterness—a shadow he could not grasp.

Softly upon the coverlet he laid the little hand he had held so long, and stole away with silent step.

At the foot of the turret stairs he stopped, listening, wondering at the silence, half surprised that Grace had not been roused by the child's cry.

Such a chill empty sense of stillness came upon him as he stood that for a moment he hesitated, repressing a longing to mount the stairs and call her name and hear her voice in answer.

But he conquered the yearning of his heart and turned away, and went again to the dining-room.

The lamp was dwindling down to darkness; the fruit and wine and glass wore a ghastly look in its dying glimmer; the faded furniture, the dim portraits, looked ghastlier still; a creeping gloom rested over all, and the mind recoiled from it as from the shadow of coming desolation.

The wifeless man, who in neglected loneliness had slept away half the night in his chair, not heeding where sleep met him so that it came, felt this shadow rest upon him in heavy foreboding.

He quenched the lamp, saying to himself—

"Old Prue is right. I have played the hermit long enough. Solitude is less cruel in a crowd than in the wilderness."

In the hall he looked at his watch; it had stopped, and he set it by the old carved clock, hanging between the ancient armor on the wall.

"Nearly four! It would be folly to go to bed. I will ride. No, it would be unfair to rouse the sleepy Hugh so early. He would owe me a curse for disturbing his slumbers. I will write my letters. I must send my people orders to prepare for my return."

He laid his hand on the library door and hesitated ere he opened it.

Those letters!

How he hated the thought of writing them!

How he hated to clench as it were that half resolution of his to leave this dear wilderness where he had found love and lost rest.

But in another moment he was within the room, and had lighted the wax-candles that stood on the writing-table.

Then his eyes fell on a letter directed to him in a strange hand.

It was a curious hand half childish, half womanly, legible and firm, yet rounder than the flowing writing of a woman.

It had been the fate of Mr. Fitzurse to receive many letters in unknown hands, some of strange import, some containing strange commands, stranger threats: yet he had never paled at one of them as he paled now.

All the shadows of the night gathered about him as he took that letter in his hand and felt in his heart that it came from Grace.

As he opened it three bank-notes fell upon the table; they were the same he had given her under the false pretence of coming from Mrs. Lanyon.

The words of the letter were few; he read them again and again, first in bewilderment, then in anger, then in the anguish of loss and grief.

"I thank you for all kindness. I shall not forget it through all the days that I live. I go to-night because I feel it is right to go. I cannot say more. You asked me a question about my father; I could not answer then, because"—here there was an erasure—"but I tell you now you were right in your question, and I am in great sorrow for him. I return your money; I do not want money of yours. I am in grief that I have spent any. I will pay it from money I earn. Good-bye. I could not stay here alone with Prue and dear Alan. My father calls me. Will you bear anger against me for that? I hope not. I feel as if I had been cruel; but I am not. You do not understand it all. Once more I give you thanks. I wish I could make that word speak as my heart is speaking now; but I cannot. Yet I think you will know that I am not ungrateful, and I do well to go away. You said Alan would forget me in a week. Yes, I hope so, and that no grief will trouble the heart of any one for

"GRACE."

The somewhat foreign phraseology of this simple letter added to its pathos, and Mr. Fitzurse laid it down with moist eyes and a spirit moved with troubled thought as the sea is moved by a tempest.

She was gone.

He had lost her.

And now she was dearer than kingdoms; she was above all price; she was worth the whole worthless world and all its gauds!

The barren dreariness of life without her stretched before him like a sandy desert, striking his soul with the anguish of a parched wayfarer who beholds an arid waste where he had hoped for water.

Then suddenly his grief turned to raging anger.

But on whom could he wreak it? He himself had driven her away; he himself had confessed it would be wise she should go. Ah, yes, but not so soon, not with this dreadful suddenness! He had not counted upon this.

Perhaps it was Prue's fault, Prue's cruelty that had made this simple, helpless child fling herself out upon the world, penniless and alone.

This idea calmed him, as it gave him an object on which to pour forth the pent-up vial of his wrath.

He had no compunction in waking up Prue; none of the feelings of delicacy that had withheld him from approaching even the stairs beyond which Grace slept hindered him in this case from arousing that faithful skeleton woman from her slumbers. In ten minutes she stood before him, trembling a little, but undaunted in spirit.

"Where is Miss Lanyon?" he cried.

"Where she ought to be—at her grandmother's," said Prue, in a cross voice.

"Is it your fault that she is gone?"

"Mine and yours and her own," returned Prue, with eyes steadfastly regarding him. "You told me you would arrange for her leaving, so there is nothing to be angry about if she chose to take her leave in her own way."

"Nothing to be angry for!" he said, with a great oath; and his eyes full of pain, arrested the old woman's gaze, not by their fury, but their anguish.

She answered the pain, not his words.

"Are you so mad?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Knowing the difference between you, are you so mad as this?"

For one moment he turned away, then came back, still blazing with wrath.

"You have told her!" he exclaimed. "You have disobeyed me. You have frightened the child with the baubles of rank and riches."

"I have not said a word," she answered calmly.

"Then I shall fetch her, Prue. I shall bring her back. I shall saddle my horse myself and go at once. Send a carriage after me to Mrs. Lanyon's!"

His impatience was too great to wait for the rousing of grooms and harnessing of horses.

Prue saw that, and she made way silently for him to pass, only wringing her hands and murmuring to herself—

"What will my lady say? What will they all say? And this is my doing, blind idiot that I was to ask such a girl to stay here!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"HARK!" cried granny Lanyon feebly. "Can't you hear it now Molly?"

"No, I can't" returned Molly. "And I tell ye I won't harky any more. One may harky all one's wits away. 'Tain't nothin' but the wind. You've been harking, harking all the night through 'til I'm 'most mazed with every breath of wind that comes creeping round the place."

Molly's round flat face and pale green eyes, like boiled gooseberies, wore a queer look of terror as she uttered this amazingly long speech.

Fright and an unwonted sense of responsibility had stirred her intellect into life, and unusual gleams of light flashed now and then into her dull eyes, and glimmerings of sense, still rarer, broke through her odd ways of speech.

"You be hard of hearing, Molly dear," expostulated old Mrs. Lanyon, raising her wrinkled face from the pillow and gazing eagerly at the door. "I've heard it constant all the evening through—evening Molly, not night—'tain't night yet."

"Awh, can't it?" returned Molly scornfully. "And feyther snoring like a pig. I allays knows when 'tis night by feyther snoring."

"Hark!" cried Mrs. Lanyon, clutching the girl suddenly by the arm. "There it is again! Surely you hear it now, Molly?"

The frightened girl wrenched herself from the dying woman's grasp and listened intently, with her dull face growing gray as ashes.

A gust of wind shook the little casement to and fro, and a bird rose from its slumbers uttering a faint twitter on the sill.

Molly's pale eyes grew round and glaring at this portent, and her arms sank down by her side as she held herself shrinking out of Mrs. Lanyon's reach.

"'Tis the robins weeping," she said, in an awed tone — "that's a sure token of death."

Mrs. Lanyon did not heed her.

She had sunk back upon her pillows and was repeating softly to herself—

"All the evening—all the evening—a little voice at the door, 'Let me in, mother, let me in. I'm dying of hunger and cold. Oh, granny, granny, you sent me away to die!' Let her in, Molly, let her in! She's coming—she's coming; she's knocking at the door!"

"Good lor!" exclaimed the shrinking Molly. "What mazed conduidle hav'ee got in your head now? Lie down—do 'ee lie down and bide quiet!"

But Mrs. Lanyon was in the throes of fever, and her large glassy eyes had no rest in them.

"Hark!" she said again, after pausing a moment in awful silence, with hand upraised. "Death on the pale horse—that's Scriptur'. Death on the pale horse with sure foot following behind — drawing nearer, nearer—he'll have her, Molly—he'll hold her at last!"

"He'll have us all," said Molly, growing cool from very terror.

The old woman stared at her with hand shading eyes.

"I see it," she said; "but it don't come out clear—not for words—though I see it plain!"

"You don't see nothin' but me," said Molly sturdily; "so you may as well stop this roadling talk."

The hard-working shrivelled hand dropped down from the wrinkled brow, and the full blaze of the fevered woman's eyes fell on Molly's dull fat face.

"I see more than you Molly. I see things I can't speak—things clear to the sight that words won't shape noways. Yet words are cruel—words are great. It all grew from a word. I said 'Go' in my anger, and she went; and Prudence told me——" But here the gaze of her eyes fell, a change came over her thoughts. "And it was a true word you spoke just now, Molly. Death will have us all. In the old days—afore my trouble came, I heerd a sermon; and the preacher said said Death was Love; and the rider of the pale horse was Love; and he follows—follows till his hand comes near enough to touch us—then wedie!"

She broke off with a deep sigh, and her eyelids closed wearily.

Molly thought she slept and began twiddling her own thick thumbs in the creeping apathy of content, when the sick woman brought her back with a rush into her old state of terror by starting up with strange strength and seizing her again by the arm.

"There it comes again—the step and the knock! You hear it now, Molly? You can not deny you hear it now! Go and let her in or I'll go myself!"

She thrust the bedclothes back, and her gaunt frame upraised itself tremblingly, standing thus a moment like a tottering tower about to crumble downwards; then she fell, and lay gasping and speechless, only waving her long thin arm frantically towards the door.

Molly rushed away, whimpering that she could bear no more.

The sight of the tall figure standing erect, crowned by its face of death, lighted by imploring eyes, shook her weak brain, and scattered all her new-found sense like chaff.

To her excited mind it seemed pursuing her as she fled down the steep stairs and ran with a cry of terror to her father; and, crouching by his chair, she awoke him by mumbling at his horny hands with kisses.

"Eh, eh?" said the old man, looking at her with a toothless smile. "What's up, Molly dear? How is granny?"

"She's ramping mazed," returned Molly, holding on to the rough hand with all her might; "and she keeps saying there's sporrets knocking at the door."

"Maybe there is, Molly; and they wants her," said Jeremiah, with bleared eyes looking dimly into space, as though he saw there the dreadful blank darkness surrounding death, and would fain with his poor vision seize a clue of light.

"Wants her?" repeated Molly, shivering. "And is they come for her, do 'ee think? Look—look, feyther! There's the latch moving!" And in an agony of fear Molly crouched to the floor, hiding her face in her helpless hands.

The old man rose from his chair tremblingly, and, with his heart beating faster than it had ever beaten since the days when his limbs were stalwart and young and his swift feet took him to his love's side, fixed his feeble eyes upon the door and waited. The candle Molly had left at the head of the stairs sent a ray down their steepness which struck direct upon the door, and in the light of this ray he saw the latch move gently twice, and then fall with a soft sound. A timid knock followed, and then silence.

Ignorance is full of terrors.

Molly screamed, and old Jeremiah felt his knees shake, as he called out quiveringly—

"Who be you? Who be there?"

"Who should be there but my grandchild?" cried the voice of Mrs. Lanyon, ringing down the stairs with supernatural strength. "Pull the latch harder, Grace! I've waited for thee a sore time child!"

But Jeremiah in his caution had bolted the door, and the soft unseen hand outside tried it vainly again.

Still trembling, the old man drew near, and undid the bolt with shaking fingers, then started back, as expecting to see a spirit.

But, as the door slowly opened, there met him a quiet, sweet, pale face, and a little slight figure bathed in silvery moonlight, which made it seem wan, and yet bright with some sad spiritual glory.

"And it be Grace sure enough!" cried the old man, lifting up his hands in astonishment. "Now where be ye come from, my dear, and all alone and whisht like this?"

He used that old western word "whisht" —so expressive of sadness—because something in the girl's aspect struck his mind with a groping and dim wonder.

She was so beautiful, and yet so changed; and the shadow of some great pain fell on him from her eyes.

"I come from Cuermorran," she said, her clear sweet voice falling on the ear in strange contrast with Jeremiah's quaint Cornish accent. "I am thankful I am in time."

"Be going up-stairs?" asked Molly, in a sudden eager way. "I wouldn't if I was you. There's sporrets with her, and she's like a wild 'nagerie of baists broke loose. She's most killed me, she have. I'm black and blue from head to fut. I'll swear the pace of her to-morrow if she bain't dead."

"Hould thee tongue!" said Jeremiah. "Thee knows quite well, Molly, thee's a fool, and thy sully way to live is to bide quiet, else thee'll get stoned wamm of these days by the boys."

The fear of this fate, which so often threatened poor Molly, struck her into silence.

She subsided into her usual insignificance and sat down by the turf-fire, hugging her knees, and staring with contented vacancy up the wide black chimney.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRACE stood by Mrs. Lanyon's bedside dumb with wandering pain.

Could this be her grandmother—this human wreck staring at her with piteous eyes, with colorless gray face, with outstretched hands praying silently for a little love, imploring mutely for pardon and compassion?

Grace took the gaunt hand and held it closely to her breast, then fell upon her knees, and put her round young arm beneath the aged head, raised it, and kissed the clammy brow.

At the touch of her fresh lips a faint flush tinged for an instant the dying woman's face, and a few tears fell over her cheeks.

"I have been very hard," she said very faintly.

"No, no, grandmother, you did not mean it."

"True enough, child. I thought you would come back."

Grace was silent. All the hardness of the past cruel years came rushing on her memory, stopping speech.

"Yes, I believed you would come back; and I didn't think I should miss you as—as I did. But you've come back now. And you've brought the fiddle, haven't you? I'll hear it now—I'll never say a word more against it, child—never, I promise you; though it puts the devil in me, it does indeed because it minds me of the time when Phœbe—— There, there—I won't say it. You shall play the auld thing in peace, and sing too, if you will. Yes, yes, you are come back for good, and I shall be took care of now, and get well and be up again soon. You've brought the fiddle, haven't you? I know you wouldn't come without it—not to stay—so, if it's here, I shall feel sure like ——"

She stopped, her piteous eyes fixed on the girl's face, down which tears were streaming fast.

"You can feel sure, grannie, that I will not leave you."

A tight grasp of the hand was her only answer for a moment, and then, struggling for breath and strength, Mrs. Lanyon said, in an eager way—

"And no harm has come through my shutting my own door on my own child's child.

"No harm, grandmother," returned poor Grace, with a faint blush rising on her cheek. "Be comforted; no harm has come of it.

"My own flesh and blood," continued the sick woman painfully, "and I turned her from my hearth and home! All that night I heard a babe's cry in my ears—a little voice wailing to be let in again; but I wouldn't listen. I was like the deaf adder in Scriptur' Grace. I've never been to chapel since Phœbe forsook me. There's no use in turning to Heaven now, but I'd listen if you'd sing a hymn softly. Maybe a bit of comfort would come of it to my poor soul."

Softly, sweetly through the night silence Grace's voice rose, scarcely breathed above a murmur, and yet clear and lovely and full of music as a brook's flow in a dry land amid the rustle of fainting leaves.

"In Thee, O Lord, I trust:
My hope is in Thy name;
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

"From heaven bow down Thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead;
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend;
Thou hast redeemed me! God of Truth,
In death be Thou my friend."

The sweet voice died into silence; not a breath disturbed the solemn stillness of the time; and Mrs. Lanyon lay with closed eyes and lips, pale and tranquil, as though some soothing hand had touched her, and smoothed her trouble into rest.

Gradually her breathing grew quieter, and, though she opened her eyes once or twice a little wildly, yet, when they fell on Grace, they grew peaceful again, and at last she slept.

Holding her hand, Grace sat still and mute as a statue, her veins so full of life's young pain, her heart so full of grief, that thought within her mind could take no shape, but hurried through her spirit in confusion, like rolling clouds heaped darkly before the tempest's breath.

Thus the night stole on towards day, while sun and stars, earth and planets, rolled onwards silently in their eternal path, and one human soul wondered at grief and longed for life and battle, while another, wondering no more at sin or sorrow,, gathered in sleep a little strength to die.

How small the life of each, how slight the difference between them in the eyes of the eternal stars, who from their awful stillness looked down on the fair rounded form and the shrunken wrinkled face, furrowed by those few swift years that we poor fleeting shadows call old age! What a mockery the words seem in the face of the infinite eternities that surround us and carry us onwards in their mighty course we know not whither!

The night grew solemn with its shining utterances of eternal mysteries, naught breaking its voiceless stillness save the monotonous murmur of waves, flinging soft music on the shore.

Grace listened to the rush of the sea as we listen to a voice we love; it filled her ear with its satisfying sound, and seemed to her a mighty orchestra accompanying the subdued song of sorrow in her soul—a distant chorus, a voice of many waters wailing forth the grief she dared not utter.

But the strain upon her mind was great, and at times her eyes wandered from the wrinkled white face before her, to follow in mental vision her own path down the rocky valley where that strange voice had spoken from the very stones, and where Alan's hand in guiding her had thrilled her heart with rapture that was half fear, half joy.

All his after-coldness, all his silence could not take away from her the memory of that warm grasp.

The electric touch of love was in his hand and that could not forswear itself, though lips and eyes might deny it.

But his dead wife—who was she? How did she die? What did that dread voice mean by its hideous question?

She brought her thoughts back with a start for her grandmother's eyes were open and fixed on her strangely, but she did not speak.

There was an awful stillness in the room; the large sinking moon threw solemn shadows within its gloom which crept, chilly, closer to the bed; a robin, attracted by the small light of a lamp, piped its shrill "weeping" in the eaves, and this little plaintive cry was the sole sound that touched the strained ear.

Grace bent anxiously over the pale face and the piteous eyes that gazed into hers as though praying for mercy.

"Grannie, are you better for your sleep?"

Mrs. Lanyon shook her head, her lips trembled visibly.

"There is no good can come to me any more, waking or sleeping; all is dark."

"Grannie, have you seen a doctor?" asked Grace, as her heart sank in sudden fear.

"Ah, yes, child! And there's plenty of doctor's trade [physic] on the window-sill. No, no," she continued, as Grace started up to fetch the phial; "I'll take no more of it. Come here, close by me. I've something to say."

Grace came, and, sitting on the bed close by the pillow, leaned her fresh young face tenderly against the old woman's withered cheek.

"I wanted to tell you," said Mrs. Lanyon, with a catch in her voice as though a dry sob had risen in her throat, "that years ago, when—when Phœbe vexed me, I made a will——" She stopped, all her face quivering and a dark flush creeping very slowly over it.

"Do not tell any more if it hurts you," said Grace soothingly.

"I've got to tell it, though you'll hate me when I've done."

"No, no; hate will never come between you and me," said Grace, "for any sorrow, any mistake of the past."

Mrs. Lanyon beat her thin hands together for a moment passionately, and then went on in a hurried voice—

"I made a will giving all I had to a cousin of mine—Gregory Blake—that's his name—he lives forty miles from this—a hard greedy man who loves money and saves it.

"I liked him then for that. Well, I made the lawyer write and tell him what I'd done and then he came to see me——"

She stopped again grasping her grandchild's hand with agonizing force, and still looking into her face for pity.

"And he said, 'Are you in earnest, cousin?' 'Earnest as death,' I answered him. Then he said, 'A will is nothing; folks can change their minds over their wills twenty times.

"'You'll change yours, cousin.' 'No never!' I cried out.

"'Then if you'll never change your mind make things so as you can change it,' he said to me.

"And he had a smooth tongue and knew how to keep alive the anger and the pain of my heart, so he had his will.

"The lawyer drew a deed giving him the land and all I had when I died, and I put my hand to it, and signed away my soul. There, there, I've nothing to give my child's child—nothing to save her from parish bread.

"I'm dying in bitterness.

"Heaven forgive me! And there's the secret of it all Grace.

"I've hated you all along because I've wronged you."

She covered her face with her hands, but she did not weep, though a dry sob rose to her lips.

All her hardness was gone; sickness had softened away the roughness, the sharpness the biting edge of her cruelty and her anger; in suffering she had learned to pity herself, and, through this, pity had stolen upon her for others.

Being herself without youth without hope without strength, the poverty she had bequeathed to her grandchild seemed to her ghastly and terrible.

She could not understand how little Grace thought of it, she could not believe she felt no sentiment, she could only wonder why the girl's touch grew more tender, her eyes more pitiful, her voice more comforting.

"Do not grieve, grannie. I shall earn much—much—oh, very much—far more than you can dream of! I am glad you have not given me your land or your money."

These words seemed to Mrs. Lanyon only like the babbling of a child.

She looked at Grace with eyes full of passionate misery, hopeless remorse, quenchless pain in their long gaze.

"Money, money!" she repeated to herself.

"I thought much of it once.

"I had power to do right once.

"I've lost it now.

"And I've nothing to hold by—nothing!

"See here!"—and she stretched out her arm despairingly.

"Nothing to cling to!

"Ah, I didn't think to be so weak as this!"

Her outstretched arms fell down by her side, she turned her face to the wall, and lay silent so long that Grace trembled and yearned again to hear her speak.

"Grannie?" she said, with soft eagerness.

"I'm better, child.

"I've been thinking it over.

"You are a scholar; get pen and paper quickly, and write out that I give you all I possess, and I make away—no, revoke—that's the word the lawyer said—the deed that I gave Gregory Blake."

Grace shrank back from the clasp of her eager hand.

"I can't do that, grannie—I can't indeed.

"It would be wrong and useless."

"It would be right, returned Mrs. Lanyon fiercely.

"Go quick and write out the paper and I'll sign it, and them two down-stairs can be witnesses,

"I mind there must be always two folks to testify to things, like Moses says in Scriptur'."

"Oh, grannie, I can't do what you ask!

"It is impossible—it would be wicked in me to do it," said Grace.

"I could not take the money gained like this, even if the words you ask me to write gave it to me. But they would not, grannie."

"Is the 'law against it?" asked Mrs. Lanyon eagerly.

"Yes," Grace answered, "I am sure it is."

"Maybe because Mazed Molly isn't fit to put her cross to nothing.

"But we can fetch another.

"'In the mouth of two witnesses shall things be established,'" concluded Mrs. Lanyon, with satisfaction.

"It is not that, grannie.

"It is that I must not, dare not, will not do such a thing myself.

"Your cousin must have what you have given him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tried and True.

BY W. H. C.

"ANOTHER of the old friends gone," sighed Miss Inchbald, over the obituary column of the morning paper.

"I wonder how many of the people who flatter me to-day would be true if I were to lose the wealth which came to me so unexpectedly.

"Well, Clark, what is it?"

"A lady, Miss Inchbald," answered the grave butler, with just as a shadow of hesitation in giving the title. "Shall I show her in?"

"You may as well tell him to, Miss Inchbald," said a clear high-pitched voice, and a pair of audacious sparkling eyes peered over the man's shoulder.

"You don't look so very terrible, and if this is the lion's den, why commend me to the lion?"

The cold surprise on Miss Inchbald's face melted all at once in a winning smile.

"My dear child," she said, "I am sure that you are Gertrude Damon."

"Gerty Damon, if you please," said the girl, emphatically.

"Do you know that you take half the wind out of my sails by giving me such a greeting?

"I regard you as my natural enemy, and I'm not disposed to forgive grandfather Damon, dead and gone, for leaving his money to a stranger when he had such a descendant as I am.

"What do you suppose I am after anyway?

"Only my share of the gold and the purple.

"I've lived in Bohemia all my days, and now I want to try Uppertendom for a change.

"All I ask of you is a place in your house.

"It's a modest enough demand considering that you have cheated me out of my rightful inheritance."

"Certainly," said Miss Inchbald, meeting her defiant look.

"You shall share my home and my advantages which, as you say, should be yours by right."

There seemed something suspicious to Gerty in this ready compliance.

As the time went on and she revelled in the delights of unlimited pin-money and unrestrained luxuriance, she wondered still more.

"I suppose you would expect me to do as much for you if the case were reversed," she said one day.

"Are you afraid I'll find a codicil to the will and cut you out of the fortune after all?"

"If you should, I would try to give it up cheerfully."

"I don't believe you would be such a fool," said Gerty, tersely.

"You'd do as I should be tempted to—put a 'dhrop of somethin' quietin' in my tay,' and lay me to rest for ever."

They did not get along any too well together.

Miss Inchbald began to experience the thrusts of envy and ingratitude, while Gerty was for ever searching beneath the surface for the dark motive she fancied underlaid the other's generous conduct.

She would have ridiculed the idea that her benefactress could sometimes sigh after the days of her own poverty-stricken youth, yet there was a romance woven in with the halcyon time which had never quite left the warp of her after life without its golden gleams.

There was a little enamelled ring on her finger which gold and costly gems had never replaced, and somewhere in the wide busy world Tom Elmore was still struggling for the place which ten years before he had gone forth to win.

He was ambitious and sanguine, too proud to ask Mary Inchbald to join her fortunes with his for good or ill, too selfish to leave her quite free to make another choice while the vows with which he bound himself were vague indeed.

"I can't afford to marry until I am fairly on the road to success, he had acknowledged frankly, "and it wouldn't be just to hamper you with an engagement which I don't see the way to fulfil.

"But I can ask you without fear to wait for me, Mary; I am determined to win success in the end."

Yet it is this very waiting which wears out women's hearts, which fades their freshness, and makes their faith the matter of a jest or sneer more often than the beautiful example it really is.

But Mary had promised, and as no other man ever touched the spot in her heart sacred to the memory of her early lover, she had let her chances for honored and happy wifehood slip by without regret.

Yet in the dusk of one summer evening she began to question if she had not made a mistake.

She felt old beyond her years, and the contrast of Gerty's girlish boisterousness served to show her how sedate she had grown.

"Next will come crow's-feet and grey hairs.

"If Tom were to return now would he find such a difference between that Mary and——"

"Miss Inchbald?" said a doubting voice.

A gentleman stood there with his hat in his hand, portly, tall, fiercely bearded, and decidedly strange.

"That is my name. What can I do for you, sir?"

"Very much, Mary," with a smile cleaving the dark mass of hair as he held out his hand.

She felt a little stunned for a moment, but she put her own into it, saying simply—

"It is really, Mr. Elmore? I can scarcely believe it."

"Are we not to meet on the same footing where we parted?" reproachfully.

"It was Tom and Mary in those days."

"It shall be Tom and Mary still if you wish it," smiling under his earnest eyes.

So the thread of the old relationship was taken up.

They walked and talked until the dew fell and the moon rose, reminiscent snatches for the most part, and some comparisons of the changes which time had made.

"The hour-glass seems to have stood still for you, Mary."

"Take breakfast with me to-morrow and you may see better. Moonshine is terribly deceptive."

Was it really the searching, uncompromising sunlight, or was it the contrast of that other figure in the charming scene, decked with grapes leaves, rosy, sparkling, pirouetting on tip-toe around the breakfast-room, yet never spilling so much as a ruby drop from the wine-glass which she held aloft, and presented with a bow to Miss Inchbald as she sang that Bacchanalian chorus which is crusted with rhythmic sweetness—Tom Moore would have been delighted and hear her—

"Fill the goblet fair,
For every drop we sprinkle,
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle."

He was seen and made welcome the next moment, and Gerty gave him an audacious look as she bowed to the presentation.

"I was just pledging Miss Inchbald to the happy occasion," said she.

"With a sentiment eminently fitted for it," responded Mr. Elmore, with a mischievous glance at Mary.

That first morning was a type of many which followed it, during which Tom paid his unfailing visits, while Miss Inchbald was a gracious hostess, and Gerty a merry chattering magpie, saying no very deep or wise things, but charming the visitor very much more than he was perhaps aware.

Miss Inchbald was not blind, but for the time she only watched and waited.

One night she came unexpectedly down the staircase as the clocks were striking eleven to meet Gerty flushed, guilty looking, bedraggled, who when questioned, flung out a passionate retort which told nothing and hurried on to her room.

Mary in her trouble, for she had the girl's welfare at heart—went out upon the verandah to question the great white stars which spangled the heavens, and received her answer from an earthly source.

There was an unmistakable odor of cigar-smoke mingling with the scent of roses from the dewy walks.

Next morning Gerty was gone, and a slip of paper fluttered from the pillow where her head should have lain.

"Don't flatter yourself I have gone for ever," it read.

"I'll turn up like a bad penny, when you want to see me least.

"The vagabond nature is strong in me just now, and I'm going back for a glimpse of my beloved Bohemia. Take my advice, Miss Inchbald, and marry Mr. Elmore before I return."

Tears stood in Miss Inchbald's eyes.

"The poor child!" she said. "The good in her is struggling for the ascendancy after all."

Tom put in an appearance later, and gave a low whistle when he heard the news.

"To tell the truth, Mary, I believe you are better without her than with her. I have a notion that she was conspiring against your peace."

If she had not learned to possess her soul in patience she would have certainly forced an explanation then and there, but as it was she simply asked him abruptly—

"Tom, would you have come back to me as you did, if I had not inherited this fortune?"

"Two years sooner," he responded, promptly. "I worked that much longer after getting my professorship so that I could offer the heiress a little more than the empty title. You had never told me yet, Mary, at what time the old gentleman concluded to adopt you in the role?"

"It turned out that he had made his will shortly after I came here, very much to my surprise. I am glad it was not in the last year or two of his life. He was quite in his dotage, poor old man, and fancied his best friends his worst enemies, and vice versa."

She spoke absently, occupied with her own thoughts which took shape in action as soon as he was gone.

Neither of them were to blame; both meant to have acted honorably by her, but it was plain that she was the bar between them.

Her mind was made up—she would go after Gerty, bring her back and give them to each other.

But finding Gerty was not such an easy matter.

Miss Inchbald finally traced the Bohemian acquaintances, whom she had heard the girl mention, and found, as she had expected, that Gerty was with them.

But Gerty refused absolutely to see Miss Inchbald.

"Come to-morrow," was the utmost satisfaction the latter obtained, and on the morrow a note was given her.

"You might as well have stayed at home and waited for me. I've gone there now—possession is nine points of the law, you know—but you can come after if you like. Why didn't you marry Tom when you had the chance? Ten to one against your getting him now."

Back again, worn with anxiety and travel, and Miss Inchbald arrived when the midday sun brought out every dust stain and haggard line, a vivid contrast again to Gerty, lolling on the piazza in daintiest morning dress, and smiling her sweetest upon Mr. Elmore.

But as a mocking defiant change came over her which was not entirely lacking a shame-faced tinge.

"I may as well tell you first as last, Miss Inchbald, that I am mistress here, not you any longer. I was too sharp to let you know that I came here for no other purpose than to hunt for grandfather's latest will—I know all about it, you see—and though you tried to put me off the track with your pretended generosity I saw through the blind. I haven't any object in playing the hypocrite, so if you stay here at all it must be as my paid companion. I've no notion of sharing my honors with any one."

Miss Inchbald sank down speechless, stunned.

Tom looked at the girl, with a muttered—"So that was it?" but otherwise held his peace.

Gerty went on recklessly—

"Of course we're willing to believe that you knew nothing of the will. My finding it at all makes that supposable. Poor grandfather had to make it when he was among strangers, in fear of his life almost, and the lawyer who drew it up put me in the way of proving my rights."

So it had been, truly.

For that will was the outcome of one of poor old Mr. Damon's pitiable lunacies during the last year of his life.

His weakness of mind could have been easily proven, and the will broken, but it was the thing furthest from Miss Inchbald's thoughts.

She looked at Tom.

"I fully intended to make at least half of the property over to her. I only waited because I thought her hardly competent to have it in charge. Believe that much good of me. For the rest——"

For the rest she found herself taken by storm, by a flood of eloquent persuasion she was powerless to stem, and the question of her remaining as Miss Damon's companion was settled at once and for ever.

"Then you never turned away from me to Gerty?" said pretty Mary Inchbald.

"Never. I admit that I put myself fairly to the test. But in three days' time I was satisfied that you, and you alone, could rule my heart.

"And you won't regret the fortune?"

"Not with my wealth here," and Gerty was left in undisturbed possession of the other wealth.

NAMES OF FLOWERS.—The peculiarities of flowers in color, form or smell have given birth to poetical fancies about them which are more remarkable for monotony of invention than for beauty of feeling. As a general rule flowers spring from tears if they are white, from blushes or from blood if they are red. Lilies of the valley are in France the Virgin's tears; anemones in Bion's idyl are the tears of Venus for Adonis, and the Helenium, which according to Pliny, was supposed to have sprung from the tears of Helen, was, probably, a white flower. If we may believe Catullus, the rose is red from blushing for the wound it inflicted on the foot of Venus as she hastened to help Adonis. But, if Stephen Herrick is right, who of all our old poets deals more tenderly with flowers? Roses were originally white till, after being worsted in a dispute as to whether their whiteness excelled that of Sappho's breast, they blushed, and "first came red." This is very like Ovid's account of the mulberry fruit having been originally white till it blushed forever after witnessing the tragedy enacted beneath it of the sad suicide of Pyramus and Thisbe.

The blueness of the violet is interpreted in a similar strain to the foregoing. In the "Hesperides," violets are said to be girls who, having defeated Venus in a dispute she had with Cupid as to whether she or they excelled in sweetness, was beaten blue by the goddess in her wrath.

"AH, dearest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his owneet own, "dost thou know what of all our outward things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can't say," she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should think it was a flannel shirt." He broke the engagement.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE GLOBE.—Of the years since the creation, 3,000 were devoted to ignorance and 2,000 have been declared fabulous.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—A painting lately uncovered at Pompeii seemed identical in subject with the Judgment of Solomon. In the centre is a bench with three judges; kneeling at their feet in the attitude of prayer is a woman; further towards the foreground is a butcher's table, and upon it a naked babe, which a man is preparing to kill with a large knife, while beside him stands a second woman with an indifferent air. Soldiers and people close the scene.

THE INDIANS.—In the course of a lecture at New Haven the other evening, upon the customs and religion of his race, the Rev. Thomas S. Dana, an educated Indian, made this singular statement:—"The Indians never cook anything in the house where they live. They cook outside, and they give as a reason that if they cook inside the steam collects in their clothing and draws the lightning. Whether this is so or not I do not know, but I know that an Indian wigwam is never struck by lightning, and no Indian has been killed by lightning in 100 years."

HOT IRON.—The trial with hot iron, called judgment fire, was made in different ways. Sometimes one red-hot iron was taken hold of—or perhaps several in succession—and was carried to a considerable distance. The iron was generally shaped like a plowshare and was, therefore, called Vomer. A second way was to walk upon red-hot irons with the legs bare to the knee. Six, nine, or twelve irons were made ready for the trial, according to the magnitude of the imputed offense. In Denmark a kind of red-hot iron glove, reaching to the elbow, was used.

QUARANTINE.—Quarantine was invented in Venice in the year 1127, all merchants and others from the Levant or Eastern ports being obliged to remain in the house of St. Lazarus or Lazaretto forty days before they were allowed to enter the city. Various Southern States occupied the example of Venice; the habit was soon spread into every European country, and was introduced by the Venetians into Syria and Egypt. At Gaza or Beyrout the guardian who formerly with a long pole, freely exercised, kept one denizen of the Lazaretto from communication with another, was a Venetian, while the sick were attended by an idiot of a medico hailing from some part of Italy, who looked at them from a safe distance through assafœtida smoke.

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY.—One of the curious industries of the country has its principal home at Newbern, N. C. This is the manufacture of wooden platters, plates and trays. The timber used for this purpose is supplied by the neighboring swamps. A huge log is rounded by a circular plane and then put into a machine which, with greater accuracy and swiftness, cuts off thin strips of the wood. When these strips have been cut in square pieces and thoroughly dried, they are made pliable by steam. In that condition they are moulded into the shapes desired. The factory is now making 100,000 plates a day, according to a report, which is hard to believe.

WHERE THE APE IS HONORED.—The ancient Egyptians did not represent the ape as a caricature of man, but idealized it and paid it religious honors, as they did to many other animals. A cynocephalus was kept and worshipped in the temple of Hermopolis, while a cercopithecus was honored at Thebes. Mummies of apes have been found in both of these cities. The god Anubis, who, at the judgment of the dead in Amenti (or the land of death), put the heart of the deceased in the balance of justice in order to report the result to Thoth, is figured with the head of a cynocephalus, or dog-faced baboon. Thoth himself generally appears associated with the attribute of the cynocephalus, the emblem of the dog star.

FAMOUS FRENCH CITIES.—Caen is celebrated in England for stone, and in France for a method of cooking tripe; Marseilles, associated with white waistcoats and a revolutionary hymn, is dear to Frenchmen as the abode of bouillabaisse; Troyes is the source of the chitterlings so much more liked abroad than in England; Amiens has not only a cathedral and a railway station, but admirable duck pies; Lyons is famous for things fried or stewed with bits of parsley on them, and for sausages; Bordeaux wine is only a little better known in Paris than crayfish cooked a la Bordelaise; Arles is renowned for Roman remains, pretty girls, and those saucissons which are said to be made, despite the popular disbelief in those animals, of dead donkeys.

CHINESE WEDDINGS.—Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, while the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hairdressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot, and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning, presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent, as we might imagine, by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection.

MY HEART.

BY J. H. PARDOE.

Oh! give me back my heart again—
You cannot prize it now:
You've look'd into a brighter eye,
And on a fairer brow.
If still you loved, you would not let
Another's image reign
One instant in your spirit-depths—
Oh! give it back again.

Oh! give me back my heart again—
If it has loved you well,
Do it in silence—'tis no tale
For lips like yours to tell.
I read it in the languid smile,
Which strives to cheat in vain:
The wandering glance—the alter'd tone—
Oh! give it back again.

Oh! give me back my heart again—
You do not know its pride:
It does not ask a single thought
Another may divide.
Fear not reproach—on happier days
Though it may dwell with pain,
Believe me, it may never seek
To beat with yours again!

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Duchess of Rosedene had decided to give a fancy-ball.

"Let me design a costume for you, Miss Hatton," said Sir Basil. "I once went to a fancy-ball at Naples, where each lady was dressed to represent a flower. It was the prettiest picture imaginable. Instead of Marie Stuarts, La Vallieres, Joans of Arc, and Pompadours, we had a room full of impersonations of beautiful flowers. I remember the 'Heart's-ease'—a tall girl, dark, pale, and handsome, dressed in velvet of the color of a purple pansy, with heart's-ease in her hair and all over her dress. The 'White Lily' was another great success. There was a wonderful variety of roses. I wish you could have seen the 'Geranium'—it was a most charming costume. Now I have two ideas for you, Miss Hatton—that you represent either the passion-flower or a primrose."

"I will not represent the passion-flower," she said. "I was very fond of it—I am now—but it has strange memories for me."

She could not forget that it was amid the passion-flower sprays that she had first seen him.

She would not wear them to dance in.

"Very well," he said; "that is settled. I must sketch a primrose costume for you. That will suit you best—the coloring is so delicate. You must have a pale primrose-colored silk that will fall in soft folds, with fine veil-like lace; you must have primroses in your hair and round your neck and arms, and a garland of the flowers round your waist; and the folds of silk and lace must be fastened with bunches of primroses and green leaves."

Leah laughed lightly.

She was delighted that he should take an interest in her dress.

He seemed to watch her looks and listen to her words with keener interest.

His manner was changed.

"You speak with the authority of a Worth," she replied.

"I assure you that such a costume would be most picturesque," he said. "Wear it to please me."

Over her face rushed a hot wave of color.

She would do anything to please him.

He must have read the thought in the eyes that dropped before his.

"I will have the dress made just as you wish," she said quietly.

"I am sure you will be charmed with it," he told her. "Yours is just the kind of coloring that pale primrose will suit."

The shy happy eyes looked into his, and Sir Basil knew that every word the General had said was true.

The Duchess was delighted with the young Baronet's suggestion.

"What a pretty idea!" she said. "I am sure I shall like it much better than all those stiff costumes and imitations of queens and heroines. I have to thank you for a very pleasing inspiration, Sir Basil."

Everything conspired to make the ball a success.

The great heat had passed; the sea-breeze that came through the woods was full of fragrance; the moon was bright; there were flowers everywhere, and the trees were brilliantly illuminated with lamps.

When the guests were tired with dancing or wanted to seek the fresh air, they had but to cross the conservatory into the beautifully-illuminated grounds, where the lamps, the sparkling fountains, the trees all silvered by the moonlight, and the picturesque groups of guests made up a scene never to be forgotten.

The Duchess was charmed.

Leah was the belle; she had never looked so beautiful.

The pale lovely hue of the primrose suited her to perfection.

There was about her this evening a certain consciousness of her own beauty; those who looked at her noticed her flush of delight, the gleam in the dark eyes, the smile on the perfect lips.

The General had noted her with admiring eyes.

"If Sir Basil does not fall in love with her to-night, he has neither sense nor heart," he said to himself. "What more could man desire? Who is more worthy of love than she?" He felt happier presently, for he saw that Sir Basil was more attentive to her.

The Baronet had begged her to give him the first waltz, and then he had asked for another.

He was beginning to feel the intoxication of being loved by a beautiful woman.

He saw the most eligible men in the room crowding round her.

He knew there was present who would give anything they possessed for the smiles, the brightness she lavished upon him, and which were his without asking.

It was something worth living for, an intoxication of vanity, a triumph, to know that this superb woman loved him; he had but to speak, and her whole face changed for him. She loved him—he had said it over and over again again to himself—this woman whose smiles were so hard to win.

He watched her, he danced with her, falling every moment more and more under the spell of her beauty and charms.

"You are tired," he said, when the dance ended and she leaned on his arm; "come out into the moonlight and rest."

Ah, the beautiful world in which they went! There lay the broad expanse of sea in the far distance, the moon shining on it; around them were the brightly-illuminated grounds.

One of the principal fountains was a marble Undine, an exquisitely-carved figure, whose hand, touching a marble basin, seemed to scatter the rippling sprays of water.

"This is my favorite spot," said Leah. "I think this Undine is the fairest work of art in Dene. Have you noticed the elegant pose of the head, the grace of the upraised hand, as though she were bidding the water flow?"

They stood still for a few minutes, looking at the fountain in the moonlight.

The marble Undine was beautiful, with its statuesque grace, its serene calm; but the girl, with her passionate living beauty, the moonlight falling on her fair face and on the rich folds of pale primrose, was more beautiful still.

Slowly but surely the spell of that witching hour came over Sir Basil.

The knowledge that Leah loved him, the faint odor of the flowers, the charms of the night-sky and the distant sea, the dark eyes that drooped beneath his gaze, the white hands that trembled in his, the face bent over the dimpling water—all conspired to shed a glamor over him.

"This reminds me of the lovers' night in the *Merchant of Venice*," he said. "It is just as perfect; one can think of nothing but flowers and love."

"A happy night," she returned gently, bending her face over the glistening marble.

"How plainly I can see you there!" he said, looking at the reflection. "Every primrose can be seen distinctly in the water. Now tell me, are you not pleased with your costume?"

"If you are," she sighed.

Her heart was beating fast with a passion of love and pain.

He could be so near her, he could stand with her in that lovely spot, and yet nothing brought his heart nearer to hers! She did not know that at that moment he cared for her more than he had ever done; for Sir Basil, as he gazed at the face reflected in the water, had seen something there which had stirred his heart—a sad wistful look, not at all suited to the beautiful face; and he knew quite well what had called it there.

It was love for himself.

The next minute he had clasped her hands in his, and, bending over her, whispered to her the words that made the music of her life.

She made no answer—to have saved her life she could not have uttered a word; but the light on her face was answer enough to him.

The happy eyes fell; the beautiful head, with its primrose crown, rested on the edge of the marble basin.

In her heart she was thanking Heaven for the blessing given to her.

"Do you love me, Leah?" he asked.

Ah, Heaven, the love that shone in her eyes, that radiated from her face! A voice of sweetest music whispered—

"I have loved you from the first moment I saw your face. I pray Heaven that I may see it last in this world."

The words fell softly as the sigh of a summer breeze; and when they ended Sir Basil kissed her, speechless with emotion.

Three days afterwards Sir Basil and Leah stood looking again at the marble Undine.

The sparkling waters were rising now in the sunlight; and, as they fell into the great marble basin, they glistened like drops of gold.

"I shall always love this Undine," said Leah. "The Duchess has promised to let me have it photographed, and I shall keep the little picture where I can always see it. Undine's lover gave to her a soul; you gave me——"

"What?" he asked gently, seeing that she paused.

"You have given me life," she said.

There was no misgiving in her mind, not the faintest doubt.

She believed implicity that he loved her as she loved him.

They were the two halves of one soul; now they were united and shared but one life, one soul between them.

Sure that he felt as she did, she made no secret of her love.

She did not measure her words; she disclosed her whole heart to him.

She puzzled him greatly on one occasion.

They had wandered through the woods down to the sea.

The tide was rolling in; the sun shone on the water until it looked like burnished gold; afar off gleamed the white sails of many a graceful yacht.

Beautiful as was this fair world, love made it fairer.

They sat under the shelter of the cliffs; and Leah turned from the rippling waves to look at her lover's face.

"Basil," she said, "I have often wished to ask you—did you recognize me on the morning that you met me first?"

"On the morning when you stood like a beautiful statue, draped in white and gold, amongst the passion-flowers?" he said. "What a picture you presented, Leah!"

"Did you recognize me?" she repeated.

"In what way, my darling?" he asked.

"As I did you. I knew in one moment that the lover for whom I had waited had come at last. How strange that I always had that feeling! Sometimes, when the Duchess talked to me, and seemed angry because I had dismissed one whom she considered an eligible suitor—sometimes my courage failed me. She thought my ideas vain and sentimental. Yet, you see, I was right. Tell me, Basil, did you recognize me? Did you say to yourself, 'That is the girl who has been made for me, the one woman out of the whole wide world who is to be my wife?' Did you, Basil?"

He was puzzled.

If he said "No," she would be unhappy, and he could not bear to cloud her beautiful face; yet he could not say "Yes," without swerving from the truth.

"Men have not those quick intuitions," he said. "That which a woman knows, discerns by instinct, is some time in piercing the denser brain and more stolid heart of a man."

She looked a little disappointed.

"When did you find it out then?" she asked anxiously.

"Find what out, Leah?"

"Why, that you loved me, Basil?"

In spite of himself a flush rose to his face, but she took that as a sign of loving emotion.

"Am I to tell you the exact hour and minute?" he said laughingly.

"If you can," she replied.

"I cannot, Leah. "I suppose, as the novelists say, 'it stole upon me unawares.'"

"Basil," she whispered, "do tell me one thing. When you are away from me, you know, I like to sit and think over every word that you have said to me, I like to dwell on all the pleasant and happy thoughts I have about you. Tell me, Basil, did you admire me when you first saw me?"

"Indeed I did," he replied heartily. "I thought you then, as I think you now, the fairest woman in the world."

"Did you? I am so glad. I am well content that you should think me fair. I have never cared or thought about what people called my good looks; but now I am glad, since they please you."

He was very near loving her, she was so loving to him.

Yet even on that morning, when she opened her mind to him as a flower opens its petals to the sun, even then he did not catch one spark of the divine fire that men call love.

The time came when she counted the happy days of her life, and this was one of the brightest.

The news of their engagement had been made public at once.

Sir Basil had gone direct to the General and told him.

They had not said much to each other, but the General was greatly comforted.

He believed that Sir Basil had grown to love his niece; therefore all was well.

The Duchess was not surprised; she had foreseen the result from the first, she said.

She congratulated Sir Basil in such a fashion that he was prouder than ever of what he had won.

"I shall always think of you," she said, "as a most remarkable man. You have won for yourself what no other could win."

Later on she said to Leah, after kissing her—

"I am right well pleased, my dear. I suppose, Leah, it is 'this or none?'"

"Heaven has been very good to me, and has given me my heart's desire," replied the girl, as her eyes filled with tears.

There was to be no hurry about the wedding.

Glen must be altered and improved, must be decorated and refurnished.

During the spring of the coming year a general election was expected, and Sir Basil would be busy trying to secure a seat in Parliament.

It was agreed on all sides that the marriage should not take place just yet.

Nor did Leah wish it to be otherwise.

She was supremely happy; her life was crowned, her love was blessed.

The General and his niece remained a few weeks longer at Dene Abbey, and then returned to Brentwood.

Leah took with her the photograph of the marble Undine, but no one save Sir Basil understood why she prized it.

She was perfectly content; there was no cloud in her sky, she had no misgiving, no fear.

Just as the glowing sun absorbs all minor lights, so her passionate love eclipsed all else.

She wished for nothing save that Hettie should know how happy she was.

She would like to tell her fair-haired, beloved sister of this love which made her one of the happiest women in the world.

The General and Leah went back to Brentwood, Sir Basil returned to Glen, and the months that followed were full of quiet happiness.

Every day brought the master of Glen over to Brentwood.

As the whole mansion was in the hands of workmen, he often remained at the General's for long days together.

The more Sir Arthur saw of him the more he liked him; he never wearied of sounding his praises to his niece—he loved him as he would have loved a son of his own.

Those happy weeks bound the heart of Leah so completely to her lover, made her life so entirely one with his, that nothing but death could have taken her from him.

When Christmas came, the snow was lying on the ground.

As Leah was one day watching the whirl of the soft snow-flakes, her mind went back to the little house in Manchester, where she and Hettie had been so long together.

Suddenly she went in search of her uncle, whom she found in the library.

He wondered at the emotion in her face.

"Uncle," she said, "give me permission to speak to you. I would not ask it but that I am ill with suspense."

"Say what you will, my dear," responded Sir Arthur, drawing the beautiful face to him and kissing it.

"You have forbidden me to speak on the subject," she said. "I hardly like to presume upon the permission you now give me, but I had a terrible dream last night, and it has troubled me so much."

"Surely you do not believe in dreams, Leah?" laughed the General.

"I do not," she replied; "but this has haunted me all day. I dreamed that, although I was going to marry Basil, something always parted us; that I could never see him, though I could hear his voice; and then, when I followed it, I could not find him. If I was in his presence, there was always a thick veil of crape between us, which I could not tear away. I cannot tell you how nervous it has made me. It seems like a foreboding that we are to part."

"Nonsense, Leah!" laughed the General. "There must be many partings in this world, but rest assured that while you both live there will never be one between Sir Basil and you."

She looked a little relieved, but the cloud still rested on the fair face.

"I thought you would perhaps laugh, uncle, but you must listen to something else that I have to say. I have been trying to think if there is anything on earth which could part us, and I have come to the conclusion that the only thing I have to fear is the announcement that I am Martin Ray's daughter. He must know that."

"Certainly. I shall tell him myself," said the General. "I have always intended to do so, but not yet—not yet, Leah. Believe me that it will make no difference. I have talked a great deal with him on political matters, and his opinions are not one half so strong as mine are. You need not have any fear on that score, Leah, I assure you. I shall tell him of your parentage, and he will be surprised; but you are the child of my sister as well as of Martin Ray. Do not forget that. There has been no deceit. The simple fact is in adopting you I have given you my name, because I did not care to have your prospects in life spoiled by associating yours with Martin Ray. Any one would understand that. I know Sir Basil thoroughly. He will not mind. There are some men who might object, but he is not one of them."

"I shall be glad when you have told him," she said quietly. "I do not like even the shadow of a secret between us. But you have taken all fear from me. I never remember to have been nervous before. I wonder of what it is a sign?"

Sir Arthur smiled as he raised the beautiful face and kissed it.

"I can tell you, Leah," he replied. "It is a sign that you love Sir Basil with all your heart, and that the faintest fear of ever being parted from him is to you like the overshadowing of a great calamity."

"Yes," she assented, with a happy smile. "But is it not better to love too much than not to love at all?"

"I cannot say," replied the General; "of the love you speak about, that fills your heart, I know nothing."

"Perhaps you would be quite a different man, uncle, if such were not the case," she said, laughing in her charming fashion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS passed by; the reign of King Winter was ended. Spring was come; the odor of violets filled the air, the birds began to build, and the hedges clothed themselves with green.

After sundry flying visits to the metropolis, Sir Arthur decided to take up his residence in London at the end of April.

"You will not mind that, Leah?" he asked.

"No; though, if it were possible, I would rather stay here at Brentwood than go to London at all."

"It would cause a revolution," said Sir Arthur. "I dare not think of such a thing."

"One thing is certain," remarked Leah—"every one will know of my engagement, and I shall have more time to myself. I wonder when Basil will go?"

"I think he spoke of going next week; he will not remain at his country-seat alone. He will be compelled however to leave town every now and then, and spend a few hours at Glen, to see how the work progresses."

"I shall be glad when the season is over, and we are here in peace again," said Leah.

"Are you beginning to tire of gaieties, Leah?" asked Sir Arthur.

"I think it is not that, uncle," she said gently; "it is that my heart is more at rest here."

Sir Basil was spending a few days at Brentwood before the General and his niece started for London.

He asked Leah one morning, when she was giving orders about the packing, if she

could spare him five minutes; he had something very particular to say to her.

She smiled to herself at the request.

How cheerfully and gladly she would have given him every moment of her time, if he had wanted it!

"You look very serious, Basil," she said.

"I want to speak to you on a grave subject," he replied.

They were standing in the deep recess of a large bay-window; the odor of violets filled the room.

Sir Basil took from his pocket a small morocco ring-case.

"I do not know," he said, "whether our family custom will please you, Leah. I have heard that some of the Ladies Carlton did not like the fashion; and, if it does not find favor in your eyes, I will lay the old custom aside."

"Anything will please me," she told him, "that pleases you."

"Every family has, I suppose, its own traditions and customs," said Sir Basil. "I can tell you the origin of this custom. One of our ancestors saved his sovereign's life. He was out hunting with his royal master, who was wont to brag of his prowess, yet was at heart a coward. The details would not interest you, but our ancestor covered an act of arrant cowardice of the king's, and at the same time saved his life. The incident happened a few days before the wedding-day of Hugh Carlton, and the king insisted upon presenting the wedding-ring. It was a magnificent circlet of thick pale gold, with the royal arms engraved within. Then the Lady Carlton wore it with vast satisfaction, and was proud of it. When she lay dead in her coffin, it was taken from her hand. Hugh Carlton did not care to bury the gift of a king; he took the ring from her finger and kept it by him. In the course of a few years he married again, and he used the same wedding-ring. During all the succeeding generations the same thing has been done; all the heads of the House of Carlton have married their wives with this ring. Two hundred years since it was a thick gold circlet with superb diamonds; now the diamonds are all gone, and the ring has grown thin by constant wear. I am not quite sure; but I think it was melted down once and more gold added to it and then re-made. My grandmother Lady Dorothea Carlton wore it; my dear mother wore it; and now I offer it to you, my love. It shall be just as you like, Leah; if you would prefer a new one, I will get one—if you would like to wear the same that so many Ladies Carlton have worn, then keep it."

"What would you like me to do?" she asked. "The tradition is of your house, not mine. Is there any legend about the wedding-ring?"

"Yes, this—that whoever wears it lives long and happily. If you ask me what I should like you best to do, I say most certainly let it be your wedding-ring. Let me see, Leah, if it will fit you."

He took it from the little case, and she looked at it with some reverence. So this was the king's gift, and this was the famous Carlton wedding-ring! On how many slender girlish hands had it been placed? From how many dead white fingers had it been taken? There was something almost weird and uncanny about it.

"My mother had a beautiful little hand," he said; "but the legend did not hold good in her case; her life was not a long or a happy one. My father died when she was quite young, and the terrible tragedy of my sister's death came soon after. She had a troubled life."

He took her hand, and placed the ring upon her finger.

It fitted her exactly, as though it had been made for her.

"Have those who wore this ring been happy wives, do you think, Basil?" she asked trembtingly, looking at her lover.

"I hope that all wives are happy. Why should they not be?" He was thinking of something else, and hardly knew what he was saying.

"I have seen many wives who were not happy. What wife could be happy if her husband did not love her?"

"But, my dearest Leah, we must presume that every husband does love his wife."

"Yes, at first," she said slowly. "No honorable man would ask a woman to marry him unless he loved her."

She spoke very earnestly, her face slightly flushed, holding the old-fashioned wedding-ring in her hand.

Something in her words struck him with pain; yet she did not doubt him.

He thanked Heaven at that moment that she would never know how her uncle's affection for her had caused him to interfere in her behalf.

"If this ring could speak," she said, "if it could tell the history of all the wives who have worn it—the happy and the unhappy, the loved and the unloved—it would fill a volume, Basil. And some day—it may be soon, or many years may pass first—when I lie dead, it will be drawn from my finger. If you, Basil, should be the one to remove it, you will think of the hour when you first gave it to me."

She raised her face for him to caress her, and he kissed the beautiful lips. He drew her to his breast and said—

"My darling, I hope it will be many years before that time, and I hope I shall die first."

He knew how much she loved him then, for she clung to him with passionate words and bitter tears.

"Ah, no!" she cried. "If ever you offer up a prayer for me, Basil, let it be that, when Heaven calls you, I may go with you. I—ah, me, you know, Basil, I could not live without you! I could not even try."

"Because you love me so, my Leah?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes, because I love you so. Do you not feel so as regards myself? If I died, could you live? Would not the world become a dreary blank to you? Ah, Basil, I am sure that if you died I should never eat, never sleep, never smile again!"

He was greatly touched by her words.

"You love me so much?" he said again.

"Yes, I love you so dearly," she replied—"you will never know how dearly. There are times when I think that men never appreciate or never understand the great love of women."

"I will try to understand yours, Leah," he said gently. "I hope," he added, with genuine earnestness, "I shall make you happy, Leah."

"Happy," she repeated, as though the world surprised her—"happy! You love me, Basil, do you not?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then how can I help being happy? I could not be anything else. Many people live with divided loves; they share their affections; they have mothers, brothers. I have only you. I mean that all my love is concentrated on you. The other lesser loves are absorbed by it as the river absorbs the waters of its tributary brooklets. Ah, Basil, I shall always be so pleased that you brought this wedding-ring to me! It seems to have made it easier for me to talk to you about my love."

"Has it not always been so, Leah?" he asked.

She had half hidden her face against his breast.

She raised it now, bright with unutterable tenderness.

"No, not always," she replied. "Sometimes my heart is quite full, and I try to tell you, but I cannot. Sometimes, when you are away from me, I think of all that I shall say when I see you next; a thousand thoughts come to me, a thousand words that I long to speak. And then, when you come, I am mute; my fancies leave me in the sweet reality of your presence. You know what Shakespere says, Basil?—

> "Oh, sweet love, I always write to you,
> And you and love are still my argument!
> So all my best is dressing old words new
> Spending again what is already spent:
> For, as the sun is new and old,
> So is my love still telling what is told!

Are they not noble lines, Basil?"

"Yes, very. How well you understand all this wonderful science of love, Leah!"

"And you?" she said, looking up at him. "Do you not understand it too?"

"I have had the sweetest teacher the world ever saw!" cried Sir Basil. "I can understand men losing the whole world for the love of one woman."

"Would you lose it, dear, for me?" she asked, putting her arms around his neck.

"Yes," he answered unthinkingly.

"I shall feel doubly married when I wear this," she said, still keeping the little ring in her hand. "It will not only bind me to you, but to all the race of Carltons. Let me keep it, Basil, until our wedding-day."

"Certainly," he said. "I am glad it is in such safe, sweet keeping, Leah. If you like, it can be made to look just like a new ring."

"No," she replied, touching it with her lips, "I like it better as your mother wore it. All the new wedding-rings in the world would be nothing by the side of this."

"You must not wear it till we are married," he said; "that would be unlucky."

He watched her as, with a happy smile, she placed the ring in its case and then closed it.

A few days after they were in London; and Leah's heart beat more quickly and lightly when she thought of the treasure hidden in her jewel-case.

{TO BE CONTINUED.}

PEARL OYSTER.—Some curious information is furnished in the columns of *All the Year Round*, respecting the pearl oyster. We read that "pearl begins to be formed by a substance at first somewhat like the plant called anjedana; being in size, the same, in color and figure pretty much alike—small, thin and tender, just like the leaves of this plant. At first it swims feebly on the surface and sticks to the sides of ships under water, where in time it hardens, grows and gets covered with a shell. When these oysters become heavy they fall down to the bottom of the sea, where they subsist after a manner to us unknown. They appear no other than a piece of red flesh, like the tongue towards the root, without bones, sinews or veins." Some observers maintain that when it rains oysters are fond of rising to the surface and opening their mouths. If a drop of water falls into the shell it straightway turns to a pearl; but this theory is declared to be untenable, because pearls are fixed to one place.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.—One curious custom in vogue in Japan is the exhibition of fish in every house where a boy has been born to the family during the year. This showing is made during the month of May, and on the 5th of that month there is a high festival held; the relatives and friends of the family making it the occasion of presenting gifts and toys suitable for boys, as well as giving clothing fitting for the little chap. All sorts of child's gear is to be seen on exhibition at this time, and no boy is neglected. The boy is the pride of the household, the parents testifying their joy in feasting all comers who honor them by their remembrances. The girl babies are not forgotten, but they are accorded another day and a separate festival time, this being the third day of the third month—the third of March. Then, instead of the fish floating as a symbol, the doll is to be seen in abundance, and all the toys known to the girl world are lavishly displayed.

Marie's Debut.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

MRS. WILSON TOMKINS was in despair.

Mrs. Wilson Tomkins had issued cards for a morning concert—a "*matinee musicale*," as she called it on the invitations, the first she had ever given since she moved to the big house on Madison Avenue, and she particularly desired that it should be a success—and now Signora Giulia Gester had fallen sick at the eleventh hour, and the programme would be too short, unless some one could be found to sing the cavatina from "Faust."

"Put in a comic song instead," suggested Mr. Wilson Tomkins, whose taste was not educated up to concert pitch.

"A comic song, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Wilson Tomkins; "Wilson, you are a fool!"

But as Mr. Wilson Tomkins had heard this blunt statement a good many times before, he was not at all discomposed by it.

"Do as you please then, my dear," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You're in charge of the musical part of the business, and I'm doing the commissary department.

"All that I know is that the wines and so on will be all right."

"It's too bad," sighed the lady, looking sorrowfully after the plump retreating form of her husband.

"And I had so set my heart on the thing's being a success.

"I declare I could shake that hateful Gester creature.

"There's one comfort, she'll miss my cheque.

"And she declares, with that set stolid face of hers, that she don't know a soul to fill the void.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! life is a dreadful failure after all."

And Mrs. Wilson Tomkins, in a pale pink foulard morning dress, with pink ribbons in her fluffy brown hair, and jewelled hands clasped hopelessly together, was a tableau of despair.

As that morning the door opened Mrs. Tomkins started up.

"John, she cried to the footman, "I'm not at home.

"Didn't I tell you I could see nobody this morning?"

"Yes, madam," the footman answered, coughing respectfully behind his hand; "but it isn't company, madam, it's the visiting governess."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Tomkins was visibly relieved.

"Come in, Miss Stevens.

"John, call Miss Elsie at once to her lessons."

Marie Stevens came quietly in, a little, grey-dressed creature, like a nun, with soft hazel eyes, a complexion as pale as ivory, and mended gloves upon her small hands.

"You are not well, Mrs. Tomkins?" she said gently.

"I'm well enough," said Mrs. Tomkins, "only I am in despair."

And she related her troubles to Miss Stevens.

She would have told them to the gasman or the cleaning woman, if no one else had been there to listen.

"You don't know any one who could sing that cavatina for me, do you?" she said, in conclusion.

"Perhaps I could," said Marie Stevens.

"You?"

Mrs. Tomkins stared as if the visiting governess had stated that she could construct a sentence in Sanscrit.

"I could sing a little once," said Miss Stevens; "and that cavatina was one of my favorite pieces."

Mrs. Wilson Tomkins started to her feet, and caught both the shabby-gloved little hands in hers.

"You darling," cried she.

"If you once can help me out of this dilemma, I'll be grateful to you all my life long."

Little Elsie lost her music lessons that morning.

Every hour was taken up in practicing the air from "Faust."

Marie Stevens went back to the humble cottage where she supported a fretful mother and a pretty widowed sister, whose life had been a failure all the way through.

"Julie," she said to the latter, "I'm going to sing at a parlor concert next Wednesday."

"You?" echoed the widow. "You'll fail for a certainty."

"I can but try," said Marie, with a fluttering sigh.

"Your voice is well enough," said the sister disparagingly; "but it has no volume.

"And you never will have the confidence to sing before an audience."

"I must do something, Julia," Marie said.

"We can't live on as we are now living.

"We are in debt everywhere.

"And since the doctor has prescribed Madeira wine for mamma, I haven't known where to look for the money to buy it with."

"Perhaps I shall get a place in a store," said Julie.

"But in the meantime?" said Marie, with a sorrowful uplifting of her eyebrows.

"It's very hard on me," said Mrs. Stevens who sat with a devotional book in her lap and a bunch of grapes on a china plate beside her.

"If Marie had been like any one else she would have made a brilliant match long ago.

Marie did not remind her mother how she had discarded Frank Vane long ago because he was not sufficiently aristocratic and wealthy to suit Mrs. Stevens' lofty ideas, and how Mr. Vane had since become a rich man and a man of mark.

"You haven't any more voice than a sparrow," said Mrs. Stevens.

"You have never cultivated what little you have," said Julia; "and the idea of your standing up to sing among these professional vocalists is simply preposterous."

But Marie stood valiantly to her colors, and when the eventful night arrived, she stood there on the velvet-covered platform in her well-worn black silk, softened by bunches of pale pink rose-buds, and a drapery of misty black lace, a spray of rosebuds in her hair, and an intent look in her soft brown eyes.

"Now don't fail," Mrs. Tomkins had whispered, as the curtains of crimson velvet were lifted for her to pass out on the stage.

"No," she answered, quietly; "I shall not fail."

But, for an instant, as she faced the brilliant audience, the flutter of fans, the flash of diamonds, the glitter of the footlights seemed to blind and dazzle her; a suffocating sensation arose into her throat.

"I am going to fail," she thought, and the recollections of Julia's dismal prophesies occurred to her—her mother's prognostications of evil, her own tormenting doubts.

She clasped the roll of music tighter in her hands, and set her small white teeth together.

"I will not fail!" she said to herself, and advancing boldly into the little arena, she faced the circle of intent eyes and began to sing.

Sweet and clear, like the liquid notes of a lark, her voice soared up, until, forgetting her own identity in that of Marguerite, she became almost inspired; and at the close, a perfect shower of bouquets rained down upon the stage at her feet—an ovation of voices ran up again and again in deafening applause.

But Marie was conscious only of one thing—she had not failed.

Mrs. Wilson Tomkins welcomed her rapturously in the pretty little "green-room."

"My dear Miss Stevens," she cried, "you are a genius—a second Jenny Lind!

"Who was to suppose that you had such a divine voice?

"You are the star of my concert—the prima donna of the evening!

"No, don't take your bonnet," as Marie mechanically stretched out her hand for it.

"You must come into the drawing-room.

"They are all wild to know you."

"But I cannot," pleaded poor Marie, with a downcast glance at her dress. "I am not prepared."

"You are perfect," said Mrs. Wilson Tomkins.

"Besides, one of my guests says you are an old acquaintance of his—Mr. Frank Vane, who has just returned from Palestine, and the Holy Land."

So Marie was led into the midst of the glittering throng, and introduced here and there until, like one moving in a dream, she found herself in a scented conservatory, leaning on Frank Vane's arm.

He was but little changed, after all.

There was the same brusque manner, half jest, half earnest, that she remembered so well.

"So you are a great singer," said he.

"I never sang before in public in all my life," said she, half disposed to smile.

"You will be prouder and haughtier than ever."

"I never was humbler in all my life," she retorted.

"Marie," he uttered softly.

"Well, Mr. Vane?"

"Mr. Vane! That sounds cold.

"Suppose you say, as you used to say—Frank."

"But things are not as they used to be," said poor Marie, her heart beginning to flutter unevenly in her breast.

"Can they not be so again?

"Dear little Marie," he whispered, bending his tall head to the level of the cluster of rosebuds in her hair, "can we not go back to the beginning of our lives, and begin it all over again?

"I am a rich man now, but all my money cannot buy any treasure half so sweet and precious as your love. Dear Marie, tell me that you too have not entirely forgotten the past."

And Miss Stevens went home from Mrs. Wilson Tomkin's *matinee musicale* an engaged young lady.

"I didn't fail after all," she said radiantly.

"And I have had half-a-dozen applications to sing again at private concerts—and Mrs. Tomkin's money will just buy my wedding dress."

So the current of true love was running smoothly, for once.

A WESTERN paper says: Our patent bed-spring has been remodeled. The one for two in a bed is so arranged that the part the wife lies on can be set by the husband unknown to the former, and it springs her out of bed and stands her up on the floor at any hour for which it is set. It then remains turned up on the edge so she can't get back again, at least on her side of the bed; and she won't come back on his side, for she's too afraid and to come near him. So the result is she is compelled to dress and go down stairs and see to breakfast.

TWO VOICES.

BY HETTY A. MORRISON.

One wore a wreath about her head,
Her face, joy-lighted, sought the skies,
And seemed her voice so sweet and clear,
An angel's in a mortal guise.
And all pure things did list to her,
And all pure things did joy with her,
As she sang her song, and her song's refrain,
Over, and over, and over again,
"I love him so, I love him so,
I love him so, I love him so."

One's shoulder bore a stinging cross,
Her face, shame-flushed, drooped to the earth,
And seemed her voice, as bitterest woe
To sobs and tears had given birth,
And all sad things did list to her,
And all sad things did weep with her,
As she moaned her song, and her song's refrain,
Over, and over, and over again,
"I love him so, I love him so,
I love him so, I love him so."

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

HE took this lamp, and lighted the tall candelabrum that stood on the table, and which soon diffused a cheerful light over the apartment.

"You can't give a fellow any grog?" said Jonas, looking at the empty grate; "I'm chill with standing and walking so dozily, even in this summer night."

Leonardo took from a corner a small spirit lamp, and placed it under a tiny kettle, and soon produced the required ingredients for making Mr. Jonas Bowen comfortable.

The brandy was true French eau de vie, as his experienced palate soon discovered; and after a few gulps of the "hot and strong" mixture, both his limbs and his heart seemed to be considerably warmed and comforted.

"There, signor, that's something like," said he, "and I can tell, you'll never repent treating Jonas Bowen with something like proper civility and respect; for I'm a man that can't abide anything else, and, what's more, I always give as good as I get.

"So now we'll talk a bit more pleasantly, and more to the purpose, than that sparring match we had just now.

"But ain't you going to mix for yourself, signor?"

"We care little for such things in my country," he replied; "you would soon make my head spin with such a glass as that, Master Jonas."

"Poor fellows, I'm sorry for them," said Jonas; "and I'm sorry for myself, signor, for you see I can't abide to drink alone."

Leonardo smiled and mixed a very weak tumbler of the vaunted beverage, in order to humor his plebeian companion.

"And now," said the Italian, "will you be so kind as to humor my curiosity, and inform me what I am likely to have to do in future days with the lady, or female, or whatever you may be pleased to call your fair client?"

"Fair!" well, you may call her 'fair,' I must say, even now," replied Jonas, "she is still a fine woman, and has been a splendid one in her day, or perhaps I should not have taken so much trouble about her.

"For, as I told you, I've not quite outlived my days of gallantry to the fair sex, and I can't get up any interest in an ugly woman."

"I quite approve of your taste, Master Jonas," said Leonardo, smiling; "but now, if you don't object, will you reply to my question?"

"Suppose we begin at the beginning," said Jonas, quietly; "and to make matters clearer, and my brains and my tongue more glib and acute, I'll just mix another tumbler, by your good leave, signor."

The young man was content; so long as Jonas did not muddle his brains, it suited him well to see him relax his habitual caution by the warming influence of his favorite beverage.

The brandy and sugar and water were duly mixed, and then the man settled himself in his chair, with the air of one who means to take his time in the story he is about to tell.

"Now, signor," said he, "I must begin by telling you that I only have inferred the connection between you and the lady in question, for she's as cautious as if she wasn't a woman, and wont give names nor dates, nor anything but a simple account of facts that seem to me to jump strangely with yours, only, even if it be so, there's a precious deal more to do before we get at the real of the matter."

"I am only more impressed with your logic," said Leonardo, "which can supply such missing links.

"Go on, if it so please you, Master Jonas."

"Well," said he, "let's go back a bit, as I said before.

"If I understand you right, your uncle married an English lady, who died, or something of that sort, and that 'tis her child you're in search of—or rather, whom you hope is dead and buried years ago, out of your way."

"You speak like an oracle," said the Italian; "that is precisely the state of the case.

"Now, proceed."

"And you have now positive proof that the lady is dead?" said Jonas, unmoved by the young man's impatience.

"Well, I don't know what you call proof," replied Leonardo, "but the servants and every one who remembers the circumstance, informed me that there was a grand funeral at the count's country seat, where the body was brought in state, and that the child disappeared in a most mysterious way during the absence of my uncle from Naples, where it had been left with a nurse on account of delicate health, or some nonsense of that kind.

"And it therefore seems to me a very probable thing that the sickly little creature died, and that the attendants made up some tale to satisfy my uncle, lest he should blame them for negligence in his absence."

"Time will show," said Jonas, who listened with a sagacious, superior sort of smile; "but meanwhile, signor, 'tis my private opinion that the funeral was a sham one, and that the child didn't die, whatever it might do afterwards; and, what's more, I believe your worthy aunt is still living, and that it depends on your humble servant whether you shall ascertain the truth of my suspicion or not."

"I see!" exclaimed Leonardo, his quick brain taking in the whole in a moment; "I understand the whole matter perfectly, Master Jonas.

"The respectable and fine-looking female to whom you alluded is, as you imagine, my aunt."

"Is it not so, my sagacious friend?"

"You twig pretty quickly, I see," replied Jonas, laughingly.

"Well, I won't deny that I think it may be so.

"But remember, signor, it is merely from combining and comparing your story and hers that I am inclined to think so.

"The circumstances tally, but, as I before said, she is cautious, though a woman, and she has never given me the slightest clue to her name or that of her husband."

"Then you only speak from fancy—hearsay?" said the young man, in a disappointed tone.

"Fancy's as good as fact with some folk," observed Jonas, sententiously, "and I can tell you, signor, I am one of those folks. However, it jumps strangely together, that she wants to find her child, and you want to find—no, you don't want to find—your cousin, though I've a fancy she's living, and my fancies don't go for nothing, I can tell you."

"You and your fancies be hanged!" said the Italian, angrily.

"Why, man, you speak as if it were some most desirable discovery.

"Can't you comprehend that I wish the brat at the bottom of the Mediterranean, instead of on land?

"I should like to know what's to become of me if she turns up?"

"Marry her," said the man, coolly.

"You old cold-blooded dotard," said the Italian, frowning heavily, "do you suppose I'm to sell myself to an ugly, uneducated vagrant, as this girl must be.

"I, Leonardo Galeazzo Sforza, the descendant of the oldest families in Naples! 'Tis out of the cards, man—out of all possibility."

"I can't see the logic of that," observed Jonas, coolly.

"First, you're not exactly a fright yourself, and therefore I don't see why your cousin must be ugly; and as to a vagrant, if all's true, 'tis your own kith and kin that's made her so; and what's more, her mother has been as handsome as any woman in Italy, or England either, for that matter."

"I again tell you 'tis out of the question," said Leonardo, shaking his head gloomily. "I can't do it honestly.

"You must find some other way of disposing of the girl, if she turns up."

"Am I to murder her?" laughed Jonas, sardonically.

"That's rather out of my line, signor; and the marrying dodge is so very easy and safe, you know.

"Now, I take it, you've not told me the real reason yet.

"'Tis the handsome girl in your villa that's the real sticker in the way, and I can't blame your taste; but then you see, signor, beauty won't recover your estates, nor make a nobleman of you again."

Leonardo's face had flushed a dark, deep crimson, under his bronze skin, as the man spoke, and his hand clenched the arm of the chair on which he sat to repress the strong impulse to seize the impertinent scoundrel and throw him from the still open window.

But the admission already made of his knowledge of the possible mother of the girl he sought, and his own complete ignorance of any clue to her discovery, checked his boiling rage.

He felt that the ill-bred, cunning fellow before him might yet hold the power in his hands to brighten or mar his destiny.

"Jonas," he said, in a calm, deep tone, that at once seemed to check the sneering laugh which it was almost impossible for the man wholly to repress, "remember our compact.

"I tell you I neither can nor will brook insolence, or sneers on that subject.

"The young lady to whom you allude must be held sacred even in the most familiar impertinence to which I am compelled to submit, from you at least.

"She never to be introduced, never to be mentioned by you, except as the ward of one of the most distinguished men of the day, and entitled to the utmost respect.

"This is once for all, remember; another time I shall meet such insolence in a very different style."

The conversation went on in this style for some time, the liquor being taken more and more freely.

Finally in a pause of the talk Jonas filled the glass to the brim and tossed it off.

But no sooner had this last tumbler been drained than he fell asleep, after a few inarticulate attempts at utterance, and a desperate effort to keep his eyes open and reply to the encouraging appeals of the provoked Italian.

Leonardo gave a muttered curse as the insensible form of the man fell back on the sofa on which he had been reclining, and the large mouth opened in an idiotic snore that increased the natural vulgar plainness of his face.

"The drunken rascal!" he exclaimed. "What confidence can be placed in such a fellow as that?"

Some sounds that escaped him struck on the ears of the indignant Italian.

He stooped down, but, to his extreme disappointment, and yet partial satisfaction, he found that the murmured words were only the apparent revival of some drunken orgie, as nothing but "another glass, my lass, and strong and hot, mind ye," and such expressions as those, could be made out from the sleeper.

Jonas Bowen was, as he had said himself, "cautious, even in his cups."

Leonardo half cursed the self-indulgent animal propensities of the "English brute," and then sat for a moment or two contemplating him, and wondering what safety there would be in leaving him to sleep out his potations, while himself sought his room.

"It would be very awkward if he should wake, and be off before I could make any arrangement to meet him again," he murmured.

"And he is such an ill-grained man, that he might choose to feel insulted by the consequences of his own beastiality."

Leonardo took a large traveling cloak that hung on a peg in a corner of the room, and was about to throw it over the sleeper, and leave him to his slumbers, when a rustle of papers in the pocket of the coat which hung over the edge of the sofa attracted his attention.

His ever-suspicious and ready intellect at once seized on the possibility that there might be some information of importance to him in the papers that thus rustled and crackled in the pocket of the sleeper.

The Italian was a nobleman by birth, a man of long descent, of illustrious blood, and yet he scrupled not, save as a matter of prudence, in the committal of the meanest action that is within the category of minor social crimes.

He drew the pocket softly towards him, then waited for a moment to see whether it would arouse the sleeper.

Jonas still lay snoring insensibly, his chest heaving with the heavy, labored breath, that came at slow and measured intervals, but no other sign of animation threatened the detection of the criminal. Leonardo softly inserted his hand in the breast pocket of the coat, and drew forth a thin, but stiff packet, which had produced the faint rustle he had distinguished.

Again he paused for a moment, and drew back to some little distance before he ventured to open his surreptitiously-obtained prize.

It was a firmly-closed packet, but it quickly gave way to pressure, and Leonardo drew forth, not as he had expected, a document or statement that would throw new valuable light on his inquiries, but simply three cartes, which, from the freshness and vividness of the coloring, he thought could only have been recently taken.

One was of a female, of about thirty-six or thirty-eight years of age, and of a striking, nay, still beautiful face, that attracted his fixed gaze, though he could not for some time define the reason of the interest he felt in it.

The magnificent eyes, the hair, the nobly cut features, were handsome enough in themselves to excite admiration, even after youth had passed.

But it was not the beauty that riveted the gaze of the Italian.

It was the strange and haunting likeness to another, or rather a mingling, a combination of associations, that made him feel as if that speaking face was ever changing under his gaze, and recalling now one, now another, strong and haunting resemblance to living and the dead.

It was long ere he laid down this picture and took up another.

It was the portrait of a girl, young, dark, remarkable-looking enough, but not to be compared with the elder female in beauty, even though possessing the attraction of youth.

The splendid eyes might indeed have some claim to equal, if not surpass, those of the beautiful woman at whom he had been gazing, but the other feature were irregular, and the lofty, intellectual brow could alone lay claim to be termed beautiful, except those glorious eyes, that gazed thoughtfully forth from that imperfect representation of their expression and lustre.

He could scarcely decide whether the two were mother and daughter.

There was a resemblance, as there often is, between a handsome and a plain face—one quite strong enough to warrant the impression that some such near relationship might exist between the two, and his heart beat high with the latent idea that was forming with rapid and increasing force in his mind.

Leonardo seized the third carte with a quick, sharp motion of the hand that showed the import he deemed it deserved.

It was not a woman's face that now met his view, but one that might almost have stood for his own portrait.

It was a man of splendid beauty—dark, regular features, more perfect than his own but of the same character, and with a stronger, less furtive, and, if we may use the term, less scheming, expression than the young man whom it so strongly resembled.

The age, too, might be somewhat more, perhaps by five or six years, than when that portrait was taken; though no doubt the original must then have been under thirty. But it was not all these peculiarities that absorbed his thoughts, or brought that startled, perplexed expression into his face. It was the recognition in those handsome, striking features of one whom he had seen again and again in his early years, though it had been at rare and brief intervals; it was the certainty that the carte before him was the portrait of his uncle, the Count Sforza.

A rapid combination of the facts before him made him, as he supposed, master of the whole secret.

Those females, in that mature beauty and youthful freshness, must be the wife and daughter of that uncle, the aunt and cousin of whom he was in search, or rather of whose death he had hoped to convince himself.

And Jonas must have known this when he placed those three portraits side by side in that case; he must have tolerably well known the whole facts of which he had induced him to give him a version, and have been actually in possession of the very information which he pretended to seek.

"The villian has played me false—the cunning, deceitful scoundrel! the low-born canaille! the greedy, lying drunkard!" he exclaimed, as he ground his teeth, and clenched his fingers in suppressed rage, looking daggers at the unconscious Jonas.

"And this then is the meaning of his hints and half-confidences, his pretended difficulties, his insolent defiance!

"It is well, exceedingly well, and I am now master of his secret.

"But how, in what way can I use it? It needs caution—to use the scoundrel's own expression, caution, coolness, and patience."

He poured out a large tumbler of iced lemonade from a jug that stood on the side-table, and quickly drank it.

His throat was parched, and his hands feverish and burning, with the sudden revulsion of the discovery he had made.

His whole fortunes trembled on the verge of ruin.

The eyes of that young girl's portrait seemed to haunt him; that girl, his rival, his supplanter, his destruction, unless Jonas could be silenced, or he himself could forget, could desert the fair creature whose love he had won, and to whom he had sworn everlasting devotion and truth.

But it was not that which weighed in the Italian's deliberations at that critical moment; it was his own, and not Claudia's fate or feelings, that he deemed the matter to be considered.

He took up the young girl's portrait, and examined it more closely.

It was certainly no common face, no plain ordinary features, that made up the whole haunting, startling countenance.

The eyes, the brow, were too noble to be classed among even second-rate beauties; and the noble air and bearing were high bred and lofty for so young a creature.

But with all this critical analysis of his supposed cousin, and the remembrance that with that remarkable-looking girl might come to his possession all that he had coveted, and hoped for since he had first known the value of the rank and wealth to which he might become heir—with all this he turned away from the contemplation with a shudder of repugnance.

He thought of Claudia; her brilliant, surpassing loveliness; her ardent love for himself; her submission to his ever wish; her willingness to give up certain wealth and position, and offered love for his sake; and he himself if he could ever tolerate one so inferior in beauty, so much superior in intellect and power, and lofty unflinching will, as the face betokened.

Leonardo had an element of weakness in his character that made him involuntarily shrink from contact—from contest, rather—with one whom he instinctively felt was his superior in all but in personal beauty, in the accidental strength and independence of sex, and more fatally in the rightful, lawful claim to the honor and estates for which he would have risked all but the world's esteem and honor.

That he knew full well was essential to the enjoyment of the prize he coveted, and for which he was ready to pay so dear a price.

A sudden movement of the sleeper aroused him from his reverie, and he hastily replaced the pictures in the case, and was about to return it to the pocket from which from which he had taken it when the heavy eyes opened, and gazed stupidly and half bewildered around.

Leonardo had ready tact and resources: and his first impulse was to slide the case to the floor beside to couch, as if it had dropped from the pocket of the sleeper, while taking care to confirm the illusion as soon as Jonas was fairly awake, by picking it up from the ground, and coolly opening it before his eyes.

"So this is your secret, Master Jonas?" he said, with a good humored laugh; "you carry your introductions with you in the shape of most unmistable presentations. And so these are my honored and honorable relatives, I presume?"

Jonas started up, and looked angrily and suspiciously at the Italian for a moment, and appeared inclined to snatch the cartes from his grasp.

But Leonardo held them firmly, and his quiet unmoved look, checked the sudden impulse of his companion.

"Signor," said Jonas, in a voice of constrained calmness, "is this the treatment you would wish from me, to steal your secrets from you before your very face?"

"Better than behind my back, my good

fellow," replied Leonardo. "And now that all is so pleasantly confidential between us, and I am thus unexpectedly introduced to my handsome aunt and Juno-like cousin, will you kindly tell me where I can find the originals?"

"No, I will not," replied the man coolly.

"You will not?" said the Italian, fiercely.

"No," said Jonas, "for the simple reason that I cannot."

"Do you mean to say that you obtained those cartes without knowing the originals?" asked Leonardo, with a sneer that disfigured his handsome face.

"I do," replied Jonas; "and, in the first place, I am not at all sure that either of them is a relation of yours, and in the next, I am as much in the dark as yourself as to the residence or parentage of the girl, whatever I may know of the fine woman you claim as your aunt. 'Tis a wise child who knows its own father, they say, but it seems you know your own aunt without having seen her."

"Come, that's all very well, Jonas," said Leonardo, smilingly, "to gain time; but you can't think me quite such an idiot as to be bamboozled so easily. Why did you put those women with my uncle's carte if you did not believe them to be his own wife and child? and how could you get his picture at all except from his widow?

"I tell you fairly I am sick of all this foolery.

"Your game of mystery and concealment is spoiled, Master Jonas, and you may as well make another trick while you can. If not, I shall take matters in my own hands, and trust to my own abilities, and keep the stipulated reward."

He grasped the packet firmly in his hand with a quiet but determined look that warned the elder but feebler man of the uselessness of physical resistance.

"And pray where would you find the originals of these portraits?" asked Jonas, scoffingly; "and what is to hinder me from placing my whole knowledge and energies at the disposal of your aunt, since you claim her as such, from finding out the girl, to whom I confess I have some clue, and warning them of your existence, your plans, and enabling them to triumph over your baffled schemes? What is to hinder all this, I should like to know?"

"The same reasons that induced you to take up my case at all," replied Leonardo, quickly. "You have no more faith in me than I have in you; but mutual interest binds, and mutual confidence must exist between us, or we break at once, and at all hazards."

Jonas sat for a few minutes in deep thought.

The effect of the liquor he had drunk had passed completely from his hard brain during that brief sleep, but he could scarcely recall at once the details of what had passed between him and his companion as his senses began to fail.

Still, he sagely augured that he could have betrayed little, or the wily Italian would at once have thrown off the hampering cord he held over his neck; and his next concern was to decide how much his own interest and life depended on his companion's aid and good will.

A rapid yet well-considered plan started through his brain during those few short minutes of deliberation, and his face literally beamed with a very fair semblance of friendship and good will, whether the true feeling were in the heart or not.

"Well, well, perhaps you are right," he said at last. "But I candidly tell you, signor, it might have been better for me had I managed the matter without any help or interference from you, or even without your knowing the particulars of my plans. But it shall be as you will, if you give me your word not to take any steps in the affair, nor attempt to discover the originals of these pictures without first informing me."

"That is understood between us," said Leonardo.

"I have your distinct word of honor not to take a step without my knowledge?" said Jonas.

"You have," replied Leonardo.

"Then listen," said the man.

Jonah drew his chair close to his companion's, and with his hand carefully placed on the arm that held the cartes firm and unyieldingly, he began to speak in a low, rapid tone.

Leonardo listened with an unmoved face and motionless attitude; but when Jonas had finished, the hand relaxed its grasp of the pictures, and he gazed with patient attention as the man pointed out the features of the different faces, as if in illustration of the tale he had been relating.

Then, when Jonas had ceased, his low, rich tones were heard in a suppressed exulting laugh.

"Then it shall be so," he replied. "Do your part, Jonas, and I will do mine. If you can manage the elder, trust me for the younger."

Jonas gave an answering grin, and again the low dialogue was resumed, and it was broad daylight ere the Italian sought his chamber, and his companion took his way slowly from the house.

CHAPTER XX.

BARBARA GRAHAM sat in her lonely little room with the solitary lamp casting a faint light on her pale face, half shaded by the thick long masses of black hair.

It was barely twenty-four hours since she had sought that humble but welcome shelter from insult and unkindness; and yet the excitement that had sustained her during the last hours of her stay in the house of her patroness, and even borne her up through the first lonely night in her new asylum had subsided, and the inevitable reaction of a deep and fixed depression had settled on her spirits.

It was not cowardly shrinking from exertion, nor regret for the luxuries and comforts she had left behind her, that depressed the girl's heart like a leaden burden.

It was the dreariness of the prospect before her; the feeling that hope and happiness, love and sympathy, were for her but as names, and that life itself was but an existence to be endured—not enjoyed: that even the excitement of hopes disappointed and trials inflicted was henceforth to be unknown to her.

Hers was a brave, energetic spirit, that could battle with tangible difficulties, bear active wrongs, but not endure such passive, cheerless dreariness with patience or hopefulness.

The sudden opening of her door, more unceremoniously than had been the practice of her well-mannered landlady, made her start suddenly round, and with a cry of joy she recognized the kindly features of the honest Susan.

In a moment she was sobbing on the shoulder of the good, true-hearted domestic.

She soothed her like a child, every now and then asking if she were not comfortable; if Mrs. Sewell were not kind to her.

At last the tears that were so welcome a relief to her swelling heart subsided, and then she found voice to assure the anxious Susan of the comfort and kindness she had received, and to thank her for all her goodness to her.

"Pooh, pooh! Miss Barbara," said the good creature, bluntly; "it's all nothing at all but what any Christian woman would have done; but I am sadly afraid you're too proud for this world. I don't mean that you ought to have borne my mistress's cruel insults, but I do think you should have told my master, or Sir Ernest, or let me do so before you came away. They deserved it, particularly Sir Ernest."

"I could not, Susan," she said, sadly. "I had no right to cause mischief and dissension between a husband and wife, or bring sorrow on Pauline. I like her; she was kind to me, and I should never forgive myself if I ruined her happy prospects."

Susan half smiled; she thought how instinctively the most young and inexperienced discern the dawning of the love they inspire; for she had determined in her own sage mind that Sir Ernest was in love with her young protege.

Barbara saw the smile, and her cheeks burnt like flame.

"You mistake, Susan," said she. "I did not mean what you fancy. Sir Ernest could only think of me as a poor, friendless orphan; but if he knew all, he would perhaps blame Pauline for her mother's fault, and he wanted to know whether she was as good as she is beautiful; and he would not pardon any unkindness or injustice to one so helpless as I am."

"That is neither here nor there, Miss Barbara," said Susan. "He will never hear the truth unless it is by accident, if you won't let me tell him; and he will never think it was from such good, kind motives that you left him without saying good-bye."

"I left him, Susan!" repeated Barbara, with crimson cheeks. "How can you talk so?"

"How can I?" said Susan. "Why, because it's the truth. Do you think he'd have taken the trouble to order that pretty dress for you just because you'd have been disfigured in the other, and made everyone see that you were a lady born, and then made Miss Pauline and my mistress blaze up, if he'd not cared about you? I call it downright ungrateful of you if you don't send him a message by me, to tell him——"

"No, no; tell him nothing, Susan," interrupted Barbara, eagerly. "You promised me you would not let any human creature know where I was; and, whatever may be the consequence, you must not break your word to him, of all persons."

"And if he asks me, Miss Barbara, what then?" said Susan, with a crestfallen air.

"Then you must say the truth, Susan—that you promised me that you would answer no questions, and that I am safe and comfortable," she replied. "He will be satisfied then, and think no more about me."

There was heroism in this injunction, which was, perhaps, somewhat beyond Susan's philosophy, for the orphan knew that the most ready way to fade from Sir Ernest's remembrance would be to thus place herself out of the reach and need of his sympathy.

But if Susan did not quite appreciate the loftiness of the motives, she could at least do justice to the truth and generous forbearance of the orphan; and she kissed the hand she still held with a respect that she would hardly have shown to Pauline herself.

"You are a dear, sweet young lady, Miss Barbara," she said, "and I won't thwart you and vex you just now, though I do hope the truth will come out some day, as indeed it always does. But, my dear young lady, excuse my asking what you mean to do, that is, how are you off for money? for I know the expense of living better than you do, even in the humblest way, and——"

"I can work, and I intend doing so at once," replied Barbara, in a firm, quick tone, very unlike the sad and hesitating voice in which she had spoken; "that will be no hardship, Susan."

"Work, Miss Barbara! that's no word for you to use," said the good woman, respectfully. "But what I was going to say was, if you won't be offended, that I wanted to ask the favor of you just to borrow of me some of the money I have laid by, which is no use to me, and——"

Barbara laid her hand on the good woman's mouth, while the grateful tears rushed into her eyes, giving them a glistening softness.

"No, no, my dear, good, generous Susan," she said; "it is quite needless. I have a little money, and long before I have spent it all I shall have got some employment, if ever so humble. I could not take from you your hard-earned savings."

"But you could could repay me," said Susan; "and it may be some time before you could get any situation that would be proper for a young lady like you."

"Then I can teach music," said Barbara, "or take in work, or——"

"It would kill you, Miss Barbara," interrupted Susan. "Your spirit is more than your body; you don't know what work is—and so young as you are, too——"

"Too young," repeated Barbara, sadly.

She thought of the years that might be in store for her of dreary solitude; Susan thought it referred to a different kind of regret.

"Well," said she, "that's a fault that mends, Miss Barbara, too soon for most people, but still, it might stand in your way at present, and that's the reason you should not be too proud to let a poor servant help you."

"It is not pride, dear Susan," she said. "I would take it from you sooner than anyone, but if I did—if anything happened to prevent my repaying you, I could not endure for you to be robbed by me. Do not ask it, please."

Susan saw it was really a wound to the young girl's self-respect to press her offer, and inwardly resolving to assist the orphan in some less direct manner, through Mrs. Sewell's intervention, she yielded the point, and turned to another subject.

"Can I be of any use to you, Miss Barbara, in setting about the business?" she asked.

"I mean, can I take any message for you, or inquire anywhere?"

"I have heard there are places on purpose for young ladies like you to put their names down, and then there are situations found for them; and if you please, I could try and find out which would be the best for you, if you would like it."

"I should be very thankful, Susan, if you could do so without risk," she replied; "but, I am afraid you will get into trouble if you spend too much time on me."

"Pooh, pooh, Miss Barbara, I've not been sixteen years in my place to be called to account for every hour," said Susan; "and I'll bring you some news in a day or two, never fear; or, if you would like, my aunt could come and see me to-morrow, and I could send you word what I had found out, and she would go with you, if you like, and show you the way."

Barbara gratefully embraced both offers.

A vivid remembrance of her adventure on the day of her last interview with Lily, gave her a horror of solitary walks in London, though she chid herself for the weakness.

"What nonsence!" she said to herself, when once more alone.

"I, the dependent on my daily exertions for daily bread, to indulge such helpless terrors!

"I must learn to brave far worse hardships and dangers than an ordeal which will soon perhaps be a daily one for me."

Still she instinctively shrunk, with all the timid horror of a recluse, from the encounter with the rude crowd who thronged the busy streets; and again the image of the man who had so alarmed her came to her mind, as if he certainly would haunt her path whenever she might go.

It was almost an infatuation, she felt and acknowledged to herself, and yet she could not shake off the fear, the strong impression that she should meet that man again.

Susan's abilities appeared unusually called forth for the service of the orphan, who had excited her kindly sympathy, and Mrs. Sewell returned in triumph on the following day with the address of an office near Soho Square, where Barbara might safely apply for employment.

"We'll go after breakfast in the morning, if you please, miss," she added.

"It's the best time to go early, as soon as the office is opened. You'll not be kept waiting then."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE manufacture of peach baskets has become an important industry. Years ago the baskets were made by hand, and inasmuch they cost from 25 to 30 cents, the loss of any considerable number of them was a serious matter. But the establishment of great factories, required by the growth of the peach trade, has reduced the price to a moderate figure, varying from $6 to $8 a hundred. Along the Peninsula railroads there are now eight or nine basket factories, each making from two thousand five hundred to four thousand baskets a day during the busy season. The bottoms and hoops are made of Maryland pine and the staves from the Delaware gum tree.

"No," exclaimed young Harry, when tempted to take a bright half dollar from the till of his employer, "no, it is not mine, and I will touch it not. And pray what good would it do me? It would buy but a few bunches of cigarettes, which would soon be smoked up, and then where is the half dollar? No, I will withstand this temptation and beg my cigarettes from Fred. I will make no haste to acquire wealth. I will have patience." So Harry turned his back on the half dollar. By patience and careful doctoring of his employer's accounts he was in a few short years enabled to leave for Europe with $50,000 in his pocket.

Scientific and Useful.

CHOLERA.—From statistics gathered in India it appears that cholera is far more deadly in the open than in the wooded districts. This is another inducement to preserve forests.

PLASTER MOLDS.—It is said that plaster of Paris of hardness sufficient to be employed as a mold for metal may be made by using ten per cent. of alum in the water which is intended to be mixed up with the plaster.

DRY ROT.—In his work on "Dry Rot" in ship timber, an eminent English writer mentions a number of cases where lime has been of service in arresting or preventing decay. He states that quicklime with damp has been found to accelerate putrefaction in consequence of its extracting carbon, but when dry and in such large quantities as to absorb all moisture from the wood, the wood is preserved and the sap hardened; vessels long in the lime trade have afforded proof of this fact—also examples in plastering laths, these being generally found sound where they have been dry. The joists and sleepers of basement floors are known to be rendered less subject to decay by a coating of lime wash, the benefit of this being continued if renewed at intervals.

A NEW BLEACHING PROCESS.—At the last meeting of the British Chemical Society an interesting paper was read on a new process of bleaching. The basis of the new process consists in generating the chlorine which is the bleaching agent by the electrolysis of hydrochloric acid or a chlorine salt solution. A low battery power gave the most satisfactory results in the experiments. The method adopted consists in passing the cloth to be bleached, for example Turkey red cloth, through sea water between two rows of carbon rollers, the upper row being connected to one pole and the under row to the other pole of the battery. The rollers are caused to rotate slowly, and thus pass the fabric from one end to the other. Hypochlorite is formed, and on subsequent immersion in dilute hydrochloric or hydro-fluoric the cloth is effectually bleached.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—Magic photographs, in which the image is developed by tobacco smoke, have been lately supplied in the various tobacco shops on the European continent. A cigarette mouthpiece is provided, and with it are some white photographic papers about the size of a postage stamp. One of the latter is placed over a lateral orifice in the mouthpiece, and a sliding piece drawn over it. After smoking, one finds the image on the paper. *Nature* explains the process. A small photograph, prepared on chloride of silver paper, as usual, but without intensifying, is put into a solution of bichloride of mercury, when it pales and disappears. The bichloride of mercury changes the photograph partly into white chloride of silver, and partly into protochloride of mercury, also white, making the image invisible. The image may be brought back by action of hypochlorite of soda, or of ammoniacal vapors. Tobacco smoke, as containing the latter, does very well.

Farm and Garden.

HOGS.—Hogs that run in the orchard picking up the windfalls and, occasionally, good apples, never have the hog cholera, which is another proof of the value of a fruit diet.

FENCING.—Reduce as far as you can the amount of fencing on your farm, and put that which it is necessary to keep up in good substantial order. Fences at best are dead capital, a great and constantly recurring expense.

SETTING HENS.—Setting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into it and covering the top of the vessel for about twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the fowl to stand up.

SHEEP RAISING.—The following are a few of the advantages derived from sheep raising: Fewer risks by death; two crops per annum; consolidating and manuring light soils; rich manure at all times; more easily kept on poor pastures; less cost in buildings and winter management; greater returns for money invested.

THIN HORSES.—It is not good policy to let work horses get thin. It costs more to put on flesh than it does to keep it on. Flesh that has become hardened by exercise will be kept up with less food, under the same food than it took to put it on. From fifteen to thirty pounds of food will about supply the daily consumption of horses, large and small.

THE THRUSH.—Another disease is again threatening the horse. This disease is called "thrush." It makes itself known by an eruption of the skin immediately above the hoofs, and in time, if not attended to, the hoof softens and drops off. The horses are more liable which are overworked or have just recovered from the pinkeye. The disease is not contagious except by direct contact.

THE ORCHARD.—After pruning the orchard care should be taken to clean up and burn all the brush before the embryo insects harboring in it have time to mature. The loose bark should also be scraped off and burned, and every cluster of the eggs of the tent caterpillar be removed betimes and cast into the fire. Attention to these matters will save a great deal of vexation and loss.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT 2, 1882.

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GONE TO HIS CLUB.

Far from originating in sociableness, professional sympathies, or a love of intellectual improvement, many of our modern clubs, enrolling without associating a mob of strangers, are simply and solely founded upon selfishness and sensuality.

What are their leading objects? To place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum, to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness, to foster, at the same moment, the love of self, and the alienation from others, to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living, to enable $3,000 a year to command a state, style, and splendor of $30,000, to destroy the taste for simple and domestic pleasures, and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite.

A professional or exclusive club is the most sly, sullen, reserved, and unamiable of all institutions. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dis-social in its very association.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club-mania tends to effect? It will be admitted that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively as well as separately.

In the society of man, the softer sex acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine excellences, while he loses not a fraction of his manliness and dignity.

Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and not seldom to eradicate, those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

It may be laid down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are, perhaps, keeping Lent that he may afford to feast. What has he sworn to in his marriage-oath? Merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing, he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to cleave only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent either with the letter or the spirit of this vow that he should deprive her of his society, and continually seek his own exclusive pleasure? The little occasional bickerings, from which few married couples are totally exempt, not unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasure of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but if the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club, he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heart; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult, he begins to hate his home, and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To overrate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would be utterly impossible.

SANCTUM CHAT.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the eminent French astronomer, predicts the probable end of the world by its coming in contact with a comet which he says will make its appearance in September. As he has in his winter's coal however he hardly believes it.

—

THE Supreme Court of Iowa rules that a police officer is guilty of manslaughter if he strikes a prisoner a fatal blow with a club, to defeat an attempt to escape, unless the officer has reason to fear that he is in danger of great bodily harm or loss of life.

—

THERE is something appalling in the statement that twelve and a half millions false teeth are made every year in this city, and that gigantic total is still more impressive when considered in connection with the fact that we produce annually five tons of powder designed to prevent the necessity of false teeth.

—

A GENTLEMAN who inquired for the letters of a lady at the postoffice in Montreal, Canada, during her absence from the city on a visit, was astonished at being refused, and being further told that she must call for them in person, that the office was not allowed to deliver a lady's letters to her own husband, and, more than that, every child over nine years had a right to claim his or her letters, and even their father could not demand them.

—

COMPARATIVELY few Englishmen, and still fewer Englishwomen, even of the upper 100,000, have ever been in Ireland. This even applies to those closely connected by family ties with that country. Lord Beaconsfield was never there, and Mr. Gladstone, though born and bred in Liverpool, was never in Ireland until he was nearly seventy.

—

No marriage is legal in France except with the consent of the parents of both parties, but a man or woman over twenty-five may "respectfully cite" his or her parents to show cause why they refuse consent. If they fail to show good cause, the marriage may proceed in spite of them. Such proceedings are rarely resorted to.

—

ALTHOUGH imprisonment for debt has been abolished in England, 5,444 people were last year sent to jail for non-payment of debts. The explanation is that a court can commit for a period not exceeding six weeks any judgment debtor (owing under $250) who has, or since the date of his judgment has had, the means to pay the sum in respect of which he has made default. If the debt exceeds $250, he can go through the Bankruptcy Court, and begin again with obligations lifted.

—

IN Kentucky the Legislature has expressly provided that no religious test shall be applied to a witness in any civil action, but there is no statute governing the question in criminal cases. In a recent murder trial the objections were raised to one of the witnesses that he was an atheist, and therefore that his evidence was not admissible. The question went to the Court of Appeals, which decides that in criminal as well as civil cases no inquiry can be made into the religious belief of any witness.

—

IT is rumored that the historical bonnets of the Highland regiments in the British army are fated to disappear. The Secretary of War says they are "heavy and costly." As a matter of fact, says a prominent London paper, they are neither one nor the other. A bonnet is merely composed of ostrich feathers, mounted on thin wire, and is the best ventilated headdress in the army. It is, perhaps, not generally known that a feather bonnet lasts an officer or soldier all his service, only requiring a little "setting up" every three or four years. One colonel used to boast that his bonnet had seen over thirty years' service.

—

THE manufacture of peach baskets has become an important industry. Years ago the baskets were made by hand, and inasmuch as they cost from 25 to 30 cents, the loss of any considerable number of them was a serious matter. But the establishment of great factories, required by the growth of the peach trade, has reduced the price to a moderate figure; vary from $6 to $8 a hundred. Along the Peninsula railroads there are now eight or nine factories, each making from 2,500 to 4,000 baskets a day during the busy season. The bottoms and hoops are made of Maryland pine, and the staves from the Delaware gum tree.

—

IN this sweltering and distressing weather there is great doubt in the minds of many people as to the comforts of fat and lean people. Some people believe that those whose ribs are covered with a thick coating of adipose tissue, perspire profusely and suffer terribly from the caloric and dense atmosphere. On the other hand, lean people imagine that fat folks are cooler than themselves. The truth of the whole matter is, that nerves have much to do with perspiration, and all discomforts of that character as tissue and fat. You will generally observe that the men and women not affected with nervousness contrive to keep cool even when the mercury is above 90. All others, whether fat or lean, suffer according to their mental condition and the quantity of anxiety they yield to. Therefore, get fat if you can.

—

THE demand for false hair has increased and the supply diminished to such an extent that the coiffeurs of London and Paris are on the brink of despair, such difficulties do they encounter in satisfying the requirements of their customers. "Europeans," says the *Lancet*, "will not sell their hair, or have no longer any hair to sell; and the trade has been compelled to travel further afield. The actual supply of false hair for the European market is now for the most part imported, via Marseilles, from Asia Minor, India, China and Japan. But the hair imported from these countries is almost invariably black, and fails utterly to harmonize with the auburn and golden tints that so well befit a northern complexion. It has therefore been found necessary to boil the hair in diluted nitric acid to deprive it of its original color, and can then be dyed to the tint most in vogue.

—

LOW shoes are fast taking the place of high boots this season. Slippers in black or colored satin are elaborately decorated on the toe with beading in jet, steel, or cashmere colors. White satin slippers are embroidered in pearl, crystal or spar beads. Heels of either boots or slippers are of more moderate height than formerly. There is no greater folly than to squeeze the feet with shoes too small for them, for they not only ruin the gait, but cause pain, and pain engenders irritability of temper. The natural form of the foot has the toes spread spread out, the great toe parallel to the axis of the whole foot. A famous chiropodist states, "Improperly-made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet to which is opposed a resistance from the bone immediately beneath, in consequence of all ailments to the feet are produced."

—

THE great heaps of coal dust which have been collecting for years in the mining regions of Pennsylvania are at last to be attacked in a practical way by several railroad companies, which have purchased coal-dust locomotives to consume this refuse. The dust banks of the Pennsylvania and Reading Coal and Iron Company have been surveyed, and it is estimated that they contain sixty million tons of coal dust, about forty millions of which can be used as fuel in the shape of buckwhat coal and stove coal. The invention of sifting machinery is likely to work a change in respect to coal dust, which has heretofore been deemed useless, and in the Lehigh Valley and Wyoming regions also dust-burning locomotives are to be employed to consume fuel from the dust banks instead of the more valuable coal.

—

STEM-WINDING watches are now made on a different plan from what has been customary, the improved system possessing, it is thought, some special advantages. Thus, when it is desired to set the hands, the stem is first drawn out, which causes a collar on the end of it to bear upon a stud in the shorter arm of a two-armed curved lever. This depresses the long arm of the latter, which turns a yoke and disengages the gearing from the mainspring arbor, connecting the independent wheel with the hand-setting train, to which motion is imparted by turning the stem. As soon as pulling on the stem ceases, the yoke is thrown back to its place by a spring. Normally, another wheel, carried by the yoke, meshes with the arbor wheel of the mainspring, and is thus always ready for winding by pressing down upon and winding the stem. The arrangement is simple.

—

PROBABLY the most exhaustive test ever given to the use of steam as a motor for street railways has been that of the Paris Tramway Company, which has tried twenty-one different systems, occupying five years in the experiments. Not one succeeded, and the company is now using horses. The difficulty was mainly in the expense; for with the original cost of engines, the pay of the driver and stoker, the fuel and maintenance, and the many accidents, the company found its experiments expensive. The end came in a prohibition by the city authorities; but the company was hardly sorry to be thus released from its persistent efforts. Yet it is conceivable that any day some new device may render the use of steam more practicable, while the resources of hot air, compressed air, electricity, and coiled springs are still unexhausted.

NIGHT.

BY MARY G. MORRISON.

She twisted white gems in her hair,
  Its midnight waves disposing:
Her carriage rolled from out the glare,
  The night about it closing.

She danced with grace through mighty rooms
  The music to her calling,
And sat in grace 'mid cooling glooms
  And oleanders falling.

"Ah! happy youth!" the old men said,
  And watched her footsteps flying:
"How gay her laugh, how proud her head!"
  The young men murmured, sighing.

One sat meanwhile where small and bright
  His study-lamp was burning;
And from Voltaire, through all the night,
  Life's weariness was learning.

The clock struck four; he rose to see
  The midnight blackness lighten;
He saw the weary clouds let free,
  The stars, with watching, whiten:

And thought, as loud a carriage rolled,
  "Some heart of joy is thinking!"
Nor saw the face that watched the cold,
  Faint stars above her blinking.

So one had danced with footsteps high
  And one's young faith was shaking.
Ah! who would guess through all that night
  The hearts of both were breaking?

How it Happened.

BY ANNA GALLAGHER.

THE village of Derley, at the time I visited it, consisted of one hotel and a few shops and houses.

It was, and still is, in the summer months a great place of resort for picnic parties, on account of the extreme wildness and grandeur of its scenery.

The hotel at which I was stopping was situated on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging the sea.

A narrow strip of grass bordered the cliff for a few hundred yards, on which were placed at intervals—probably by the hotel people, for the use of visitors—several iron-backed seats.

Close to the hotel, and also on the edge of the cliff, stood a neat little cottage, which, from its tiny flag-staff, ship-shape appearance, and thoroughly nautical aspect, evidently belonged to a sailor—probably to a retired merchant captain.

Although I had several times passed by the cottage, I had never seen any one who looked at all likely to be its owner.

One sunshiny morning, as I strolled out from the hotel, I observed an elderly man occupying one of the seats which I have just mentioned.

Something about him told me that he was the owner of the cottage, and such he turned out to be.

Having nothing particular to do, I walked leisurely up to where he was, and sat down by his side with—

"Good morning, sir," by way of an introduction.

"Good morning, sir; a lovely day!" he replied.

"Yes; it is, indeed!

"I do not suppose you have many of them this time of year."

"The weather here is seldom very severe.

"We are too close to the sea for that; and it is many years since we had a really hard winter."

"We ought certainly to be thankful for our climate," I replied.

"There is, I suppose, no country in the world like ours in that respect?"

"In New Zealand, where I have been several times, the climate struck me as very similar to our own; but give me good old English weather, and I ask for no better."

"I suppose you have traveled a great deal?" I remarked, by way of drawing him out.

"Yes, sir; I have done some sailing in my time.

"But it is many years now since I have been out of the Channel."

"A sailor's life is full of strange scenes, and I should think yours has been no exception to the rule."

"What you say is quite true," he said.

"This place, as perhaps you have heard, was noted for smuggling about forty years ago.

"High and low, rich and poor—all had a hand in it; and I was a desperate smuggler for several years.

"But it is all over now, sir.

"Never a drop of anything contraband has touched my lips since the day I lost my Mary."

And a tear trickled down the bronzed and furrowed cheek of the old man.

He asked if I should like to hear his story.

I replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure; and he began—

"It happened in this way, sir.

"My father died when I was very young, and I was left to the care of a doting mother.

"My early years were spent in a life of uninteresting monotony; but at sixteen, in accordance with my ardent desire, though greatly against my mother's inclination, I entered the merchant service.

"In it my career was comparatively successful, but short; for I had scarcely reached my twenty-fifth year when I was summoned home by the news of the sudden death of my mother.

"I arrived too late; she was dead.

"This event had such an effect upon me that I quitted the service, and for a year or two lived in gloomy idleness.

"Endowed as I was with an adventurous spirit; living in an age and country in which smuggling was considered not only the surest and speediest road to fortune, but even perfectly legitimate; when Government was regarded as the oppressor and the smuggler as the oppressed, can you wonder, sir, at the line of action I adopted?

"I bought the Stormy Petrel, a fine, handy schooner, equipped and manned her, and started on my career as smuggler.

"Success attended all my efforts; I seemed to be one of fortune's favorites.

"Thus a couple of years passed away.

"During this period Mr. and Mrs. Bell and their daughter Mary came to live in that cottage which you see over yonder.

"It was not long before a firm friendship arose between Mary and myself, which finally ended in love.

"This mutual attachment was strengthened, if possible, by the events of which you are about to hear.

"I shall not attempt to describe her; to me she was very beautiful.

"Before many months had elapsed we were affianced lovers, with the fullest consent of her parents.

"I did not forget her in my voyages.

"Many a rich silk and costly gem did I bring her home; but she always regarded my excursions with great uneasiness.

"So it was resolved that my next trip was to be my last; and that on my return I was to marry Mary, and settle down into a life of sober-minded matrimony.

"But I am afraid, sir, I am exhausting your patience."

"Oh, I am getting quite interested in your story.

"Do, please, go on," I answered.

"Well, sir, you have only to say when you are tired, and I will leave off.

"Well, sir, when I had made the requisite preparations for my last trip in the Stormy Petrel, I bade Mary and her parents farewell.

"She seemed very disconsolate, and all my efforts to console her were unavailing.

"She tried hard to dissuade me from going; it was to no purpose, however.

"Everything was ready, and I started.

"We reached our destination safely, got our cargo of spirits on board, and you may be sure that Mary was not neglected in my purchases.

"All went well on the return voyage till we reached our own coast, when we sighted a revenue cutter, hugging the land, round by that headland yonder.

"The breeze was blowing pretty fresh, so we kept off the land a couple of points or so, intending to give the cutter the slip; but as soon as she perceived that she was observed, she stood out from the land after us.

"It did not take long to dispel any doubts that might have existed in our minds as to the relative sailing powers of the two vessels, for it was apparent to all that the cutter was rapidly overhauling us.

"Only one course now remained to avoid capture, and it was doubtful whether that would prove successful.

"The tide was nearly half-ebb; and if we could reach the Sound before the cutter we should be able to slip through, and leave our heavier antagonist in the lurch.

"Notwithstanding the freshness of the breeze, we ran up our big topsail, and no sooner was it set than the Stormy Petrel seemed literally to fly from wave to wave; but though the distance between us and the cutter was not diminishing so rapidly as before, still it evidently was diminishing.

"It was a race for life or death, for there was not a soul on board who would not have died sooner than have yielded themselves as prisoners to their pursuers.

"Both vessels were steering for exactly the same point; the cutter, considerably to windward of us, had apparently, discovered our intention, and intended, if possible, to intercept us.

"Every man stood at his post, eagerly watching the straining mast, for the topsail seemed almost too heavy for it.

"Should the mast yield, we were undone; but should it stand, we still had a chance, though a feeble one, of escape.

"The cutter was now very close, and before long a column of smoke issued from one of her bow port-holes, and a shot fell in the sea at no very great distance from us.

"Not many minutes elapsed before another shot was fired, this time with better effect, for it passed right through our mainsail.

"I was afraid that all would soon be over, for though only a few hundred yards lay between us and a place of safety, a single well-aimed shot would prevent our ever getting there.

"Both vessels had rounded the headland, and were sailing scarcely a hundred yards from the steep cliffs which skirt the coast.

"They rise perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of about a hundred and fifty feet, and the water at their base is so deep that the largest ship could anchor alongside.

"We had got so near the Sound that the crew began to congratulate one another on their narrow escape, when a shot came booming across the sea, and carried away our topmast.

"The topsail came down by the run; but luckily the mainsail held firm.

"We gave up all for lost, although in the very mouth of the Sound, and the cutter thinking itself secure of success, refrained from firing again, and bore down upon us to order us to haul to, when suddenly the report of a musket was echoed from cliff to cliff, and the helmsman of the cutter was seen to stagger and fall.

"The cutter, left to herself, ran up in the wind, for everyone was so astonished as to seem incapable of motion, and, in less than half a minute, had grounded on a reef; thus we sailed on through the Sound in security, casting many glances of triumph at our fallen foe.

"But whence had proceeded the shot which had saved us?

"That no one on board the Stormy Petrel had fired that well-timed shot I felt morally certain, and not a sign of anyone had been observed in the neighborhood of the scene of our late adventure.

"Only just as we were gliding through the Sound I thought I caught a glimpse, high up on the top of the cliff, of a man bearing in his arms a female form, but he was almost immediately hidden from view by the rocks.

"It was scarcely possible, and indeed highly improbable, that he should have been our preserver, yet such a proceeding as I have mentioned, and in such a place, was certainly very peculiar.

"We had agreed to land our goods at the Chasms about eight o'clock that evening if all went well, and had stowed away most of our goods, in one of the caves, when one of our scouts rushed in to say that the Coastguards were upon us.

"We parted, and fled in different directions.

"Knowing the ground well, I mounted the cliff in fine style, closely pursued by a brawny Coastguard.

"When I reached the top, I found that I had gained considerably on my pursuer; so I made my way leisurely between the rocky precipices which lay on every side.

"At length the Coastguard also reached the top, and again the race began, and my pursuer was gaining rapidly.

"Suddenly I heard him call upon me to stop, or he would fire.

"A moment later I heard a sharp cry, immediately followed by a dull leaden sound.

"I looked around; he was gone.

"He had fallen through the treacherous turf; and still, for a moment or two, I could hear that dreadful sound as his body fell from crag to crag.

"For my own sake as well as for that of others, I determined not to reveal his fate.

"Weary and footsore, I reached Derley a little after ten o'clock in the evening, nor stopped till I was at Mary's home.

"Mr. Bell had promised to meet me on my arrival, and I had been surprised and disappointed at his absence.

"I entered, as usual, unannounced, and found Mr. and Mrs. Bell in the parlor.

"They greeted me warmly; but there seemed a tone of sadness about their welcome.

"'Where is Mary?' I asked, anxiously looking toward the door, expecting every second to see it open, and my Mary come in.

"'She is not very well, Bob; but I think she may be better to-morrow,' replied the mother; but her looks gave no token of the hopes her words expressed.

"'For mercy's sake, tell me what has happened!' I exclaimed, in an agony of despair.

"'Hush, Bob!

"'Mary is asleep in the next room.

"'It is, the doctor says, an attack of brain fever.'

"'Is there any hope?'

"'Bob, you are the most irrational man I ever met,' said Mr. Bell, kindly and gently.

"'No sooner do you hear that Mary is ill than you jump to the conclusion that she is dying.

"'Our grief is as heavy. Cheer up; all will yet be well.'

"'But do tell me what has caused this dreadful illness?'

"'Well, Bob, it is a sad and wonderful tale,' replied Mrs. Bell.

"'Mary persuaded her father to go over to the Sound this afternoon, and see if there was any sign of the Stormy Petrel.

"'They arrived just as you were about to surrender to the revenue cutter.

"'The rocks altogether hid them from your view, so that although they could see you, you could not see them.

"'Mr. Bell had taken, as he always does, his gun with him; but in his anxiety for your welfare, had let it drop on the ground.

"'Mary comprehended your position in a moment, and seized by one of those sudden impulses to which women are on critical occasions so susceptible, she snatched up the gun, fired, and—the rest you know.'

"Thus did I owe everything to the girl I loved.

"Greater love than mine was impossible; but I resolved that should she live—and agonies the very thought of her death caused me!—a life of undying devotion should testify to my love and gratitude.

"I wandered hither and thither, in a meaningless way, without thought of anything but the great sorrow which had overtaken me.

"But Mary gradually began to recover.

"The black clouds seemed to be giving way to the sunshine, and bright indeed was the day when I was first admitted to her presence.

"It was after nearly a month's separation, and then I was only allowed to utter a few commonplaces.

"But weeks passed away, and spring time, with its birds, and flowers, and gentle breezes, came round.

"Every day she gathered fresh strength.

"Her cheeks began to assume their rich color, as of old; and when May arrived she was as well as ever.

"Thus had the clouds which had gathered on the horizon of my life cleared away, and all seemed bright and happy.

"Our marriage was finally arranged to take place in June; and though the days of waiting are tedious, like the days of sorrow, the time eventually arrived, with all the preparations consequent thereupon.

"Mary was in a fever of excitement, rushing about buying dresses, showering innumerable contradictory orders upon bewildered dressmakers, and doing many other things incomprehensible to a bachelor.

"The day appointed for our marriage broke bright and glorious, and the joy in my heart seemed to be shared by the birds and flowers and all creation.

"I need not dwell on my feelings.

"I suppose they were such as most men in similar circumstances experience. I felt supremely happy.

"I went to the church shortly before the appointed hour, attended by my groomsman, in all the panoply of wedding garments.

"Then came a period of waiting.

"All other moments in my life seemed to have had wings compared to these.

"The hour came, and still neither Mary nor any of her friends appeared.

"Everyone on all such occasions expects to wait; and a marriage is about the most crucial test of patience that human ingenuity could possibly devise.

"An hour passed in waiting.

"The clergyman and poor groomsman, who had long since ceased from endeavoring to restrain my impatience, were at length obliged to admit that something must have happened.

"Our fears were realized by a messenger, who, with a very scared face, announced that Mary could nowhere be found.

"I rushed out of the church in dismay, and made my way to her father's house.

"Everything there was in the utmost confusion.

"No one was able to give a lucid account of Mary's disappearance.

"All that I could learn was that the villagers were scouring the country far and wide, and that she had been up early, and had last been seen somewhere in the village.

"Beyond that, nobody seemed to know anything.

"Terrible indeed was the shock which I had received.

"The cup of happiness, which but an hour ago had seemed within my grasp, had fallen: a cold chill of deadly horror ran through my veins.

"I joined in the search, of course, but felt utterly incapable of doing anything.

"All my ordinary energy was paralyzed.

"I seemed to have become of a sudden a prematurely aged man.

"Hour after hour passed by, and still no news of Mary, till at length darkness gathered round, and one by one all the searchers returned, weary and footsore, without having discovered any traces of the missing one.

"Still, with lanterns and torches, the search was continued far into the night, till it seemed as if no stone had been left unturned, no effort spared.

"All the neighborhood joined in the search, for Mary was a favorite with all.

"All came to her home with their rough condolences and promises of help; but none brought back my Mary.

"At length it had reluctantly to be acknowledged that further search was vain.

"I was completely stunned by the blow, and hardly appeared to know what was going on around.

"I sat by the fireside in her father's house, dreamily gazing into the fire, and all efforts to persuade me to go to bed were useless.

"Thus I sat all night long in solitude; for her mother and father, wearied by sorrow, had sought refuge in sleep.

"Nothing broke the chill and death-like stillness but the chirping of the cricket on the hearth, and sadly did the cheerful sound contrast with my overwhelming sorrow.

"The gray light of morning found me still in the same position.

"Another day had dawned upon me; how differently it was to the preceding one!

"I awakened to a kind of consciousness of passing events, and got up and wandered out into the cool air of morning.

"No one was astir; I was alone with my own thoughts.

"Was this dread grief a judgment on me for the Coastguard's death?

"When the thought had once entered my mind, it was impossible to get rid of it; and it gradually acquired such strength that I began to regard my dire misfortune as a punishment for my connection with his horrible fate.

"Wandering aimlessly about in this frame of mind, I eventually found myself at the scene of this dreadful accident.

"To my surprise, the turf had been recently torn away close to the hole.

"Oh, horror! how can I describe the thought flashed into my mind?

"Ten thousand agonies were concentrated into a single minute; my brain was on fire.

"Could my Mary, my darling Mary, have fallen through, and now be lying at the bottom of that horrible abyss.

"You cannot, sir—no one can imagine the despair and anguish this wild, fantastic idea caused me.

"I resolved, however, to put it to the test without delay.

"Owing to the peculiar formation of the sides, descent was not only practicable, but even comparatively easy, to one who had been accustomed from his youth to scale the steep cliffs along the coast.

"By means of the successive ledges at the sides I finally managed to reach the bottom, and the sooty bats, as they flitted by me, seemed omens of evil.

"It would be utterly impossible for me to describe my feelings when I saw in the dusky light, stretched upon the cold, damp stone, my own Mary, and there, by her side, the ghastly skeleton of the poor Coastguard; and above our heads flitted the bats, and the owls uttered their hideous screeches.

"Regardless of everything but the poor, pale form lying motionless on the clammy, lichen-covered rock, I flung myself beside her.

"'Mary!—my Mary!' was all that I could ejaculate; but never a sound or motion of that pale form gave answer back.

"I covered her cold lips with kisses, and my tears streamed down my darling's face, but she heeded them not; and the hours sped away as I sat there with my Mary in this dreadful company, and nothing gave sign of life but the ill-omened birds which flapped their wings above us.

"I had gone out in the early morning, and it must have been noonday when it seemed as if my passionate utterances had had some effect, for an almost imperceptible sigh escaped my darling's lips.

"She lived!

"From that moment I used every effort that human being could devise to restore consciousness, and my efforts were eventually successful.

"Mary, at length, opened her eyes.

"It was some time before she recognized me, and then she faintly smiled.

"It was the happiest moment of a life which has nearly reached the allotted span of man; it has never been equalled, and never can be surpassed.

"She lived; but what was to be done to rescue her from her present position?

"As it was, she only just lived; prompt action, therefore, was necessary.

"I took off my coat, and wrapped her in it, and mounted up to the light of day from the awful den in which I had now been for several hours.

"Willing hands were soon procured to get my darling out of the pit which had so nearly been her tomb, too.

"Though her recovery was a matter of months, by care and skill she was eventually brought round again, and a year saw her as well as ever.

"The event which I have just narrated always causes a cold shudder of horror to run through my veins when I think of it.

"I heard afterwards from Mary's own lips how it all happened.

"She had risen early on the morning of the day appointed for our marriage, and getting tired of fussing about the house, had resolved to pay a visit to the spot on which she had saved my life.

"On her way back she had passed along the cliff by the chasm, and had fallen through the turf just as the Coastguard had done before.

"She stumbled from ledge to ledge, and by holding on to each in turn, somehow or another each ledge had broken her fall, and finally she reached the bottom with no bones broken, but much cut and bruised.

"She had swooned as she saw her horrible position, and more horrible companions, and in this swoon she must have remained till she recovered with myself by her side.

"The skeleton of the unfortunate Coastguard was buried in the churchyard shortly after its discovery, and there you may now see the tombstone in the far corner under the old elm tree; it is but a small tablet of white marble, marked with no name and no inscription, but simply with a cross.

"And now, sir, I have told you how I lost my Mary, and also how I found her again.

"My tale is finished; I am afraid it has been but a tedious and poor one; but when I get hold of a stranger I like to tell it to him.

"Mary and I have been married over thirty years, and if you have felt any interest in our history you are welcome to come in and see her.

"She is not what she was then; time has wrought its changes: her good looks have gone, and her black hair has become white; but she is still a kind, and cheerful, and hearty soul."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied; "but there is one question which I should like to ask.

"Was the steerman of the cutter killed, and was there an investigation afterwards?"

"I am glad to say he was more frightened than hurt; the gun was only loaded with shot.

"An investigation in such a place would at that time, even if anything could have been found have been utterly useless, for every one would have taken our part.

"And now, as I have answered your questions satisfactorily, let us go in the house."

On the way to his cottage he told me that he had since spent most of his time in gardening, fishing, shooting and reading.

Thus had this once adventurous spirit leaned down under the influence of a wife.

His cottage was as neat inside as without, and in an arm-chair by the fire side sat the Mary of his tale.

She still bore traces of good looks, for the hand of time had dealt with her very leniently.

I spent a very pleasant hour with my interesting host and his wife, and then departed, much pleased with them and their history.

When the Tide Came In.

HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

FAIR Eleanor sat in her bower and sighed—not sewed—though the necessary implements for that feminine branch of industry were lying all around her.

But Eleanor Vane had forgotten her ribbons and laces, and let her white hands fall down upon her lap in listless idleness, while her brown eyes gazed out upon a merry group on the beach, and as she gazed tears gathered slowly in her beautiful gold-brown eyes, and one fell—bright and glittering—upon her diamond engagement ring.

She never heeded it nor seemed to care, though she saw it fall.

A mocking, half-scornful smile, and a sobbing sigh, broke from her lips as the tear blurred the diamond.

"An ill omen to the marriage," she murmured, "when tears for another man—for an older and dearer love—stain the betrothal ring.

"And yet, my betrothed is a good, true man, as well as a rich one, well worth a woman's loving.

"He must love me, too, although he is calm, and proud, and old.

"Surely Mr. Poynset loves me truly, while he"—her dark tearful glance sought the group on the beach again—"does he care that I am soon to be another's wife? Oh, my own, my own love, do you care?"

The tears fell thick and fast.

Perhaps they washed away some mists of scorn and pride, and Eleanor saw the clearer through them.

As she raised her handkerchief to wipe them away, the diamond solitaire flashed brilliantly.

She thrust her hand behind her, out of sight, with a quick and passionate gesture.

"I have no right to wear it," she sobbed. "No right to give my hand to one, while my heart is another's for ever. I wish I had died before I put it on—I wish I had died."

The group she had been watching moved away and passed out of sight.

Eleanor caught up her large shade hat, and huddling her sewing into the pretty fancy work-basket, prepared to leave the arbor.

"I can come back for it later," she said. "I can't stay here now; the place is like a prison; and besides, to see him smile, to hear him talk and laugh, so lightly and pleasantly, while my heart is breaking, oh, I cannot bear it. If any of these people meet me they will expect me to laugh with them.

"Why not? Am I not the lucky Miss Vane, who, without a shilling of her own, is to make the great match of the season? Am I not going to the altar next month? Ah, Heaven knows I would rather be going to my grave!"

Two persons who watched her as she hurried down the beach, thought, uneasily, that she might be going there indeed.

The tide was turning, and she was passing rapidly over a narrow strip of sand towards some far outlying rocks.

The watchers (whom she did not see at all) were her aunt, Mrs. Vane, and the man for whose sake tears had fallen on the betrothal ring, Walter Searle.

"Is Eleanor crazy?" cried Mrs. Vane excitedly. "The tide has turned, I think. She will certainly be caught in coming back, and get a good drenching if nothing worse. Where"—she cast an anxious glance around—"where is Mr. Poynset, I wonder?"

Walter Searle's pale face flushed red at his rival's name.

"No need to trouble Mr. Poynset," he said, quietly. "The fact is, Mrs. Vane, I am just going for a row, and my boat shall be at Miss Vane's service to bring her in safe and dry. With your leave I will go at once, for the tide has turned indeed, though probably Miss Eleanor does not know it."

No, she does not know it.

She thought only of reaching that solitary rock, away from all voices save those of the sobbing waves.

She cast herself down on the rough stone, and wept long and bitterly.

"A life spoiled," she sobbed aloud, secure in her knowledge that in that lonely place none could hear her. "A life spoiled by temper and pride—no more! He was jealous and I was proud, and that sufficed to part us two years ago.

"Oh, if I could have known that he loved me through it all! He did? I saw that in his eyes on the night of his arrival here, before he knew of my engagement.

"Why did aunt Vane tell me he was going to be married? If I had not heard that and been stung to madness by it, I should never have accepted Mr. Poynset."

Again the tears burst forth, unchecked, uncomforted.

The sun had set, and as the soft grey evening gloom gathered over the sea, a wind was rising and making the waves run high.

Around the rock on which Eleanor sat, the waves were racing in towards shore, and had already covered the narrow strip of sand and cut off her retreat.

She neither saw nor thought about her danger.

Life seemed such a little matter when Love was lost.

"I must go back," she sighed wearily, wiping away her tears. "I must go back and smile with the others, and seem as free from care."

Then rising, and glancing at the tossing waves, the first faint alarm spread over her.

"How long have I been here, I wonder? It is growing dark," she thought, and turning suddenly, found herself face to face with her old lover.

She uttered a cry and stood silent, her face growing deathly pale—he, no less agitated, pointed to the tossing waters all around the rock, showing her that her retreat towards the shore was cut off.

"Your aunt and I saw you from the beach," he said.

"I brought you a boat. Am I not generous—to save you for another man's arms? you, who once were mine? I have looked at you sometimes," he went on, in the same strange, reckless manner, "and thought that I would rather see you dead than see you Poynset's wife, and yet to-night, when the choice is given me, I come to save your life. Fate, I suppose, says you shall marry him."

He turned from her and looked gloomily out over the sea.

Suddenly two trembling hands clasped his arm.

"Do you care?" Eleanor asked him earnestly, with her dark eyes on his face.

"If I go back and marry him, do you care?"

He looked at her for a moment very strangely, then suddenly seized and strained her to his breast.

"Oh, my love!" he groaned, and kissed her lips, then put her from him resolutely.

"Oh, yes, I care," he said quietly.

Then, turning from her—

"Come, it is getting dark. You can row, can't you?" leading her towards the boat.

"Yes," she said wonderingly.

Her face was pink and bright.

Her heart thrilled with hope and joy.

"Yes, but what occasion will there be for me to row when you are with me?"

"I shall be with you. I shall remain here. The tide will almost take you in without the oars——"

"Neither tide nor oars shall take me in without you," she cried, passionately and resolutely.

"What do you mean? I had not noticed it before, but the tide is rising fast. In less than an hour it will cover this rock, and I, if you do not save me, must be drowned. Do you think I would go without you? Are you weary of your life?"

His voice was full of pain.

"Child, I have been tired of my life ever since you took yourself out of it! So tired that at last I suffered my love for you to conquer pride, and came to seek a reconciliation.

"You know how I found you; better that we had never met again! Yes, I am tired of live! What is it worth after all? Go home without me," he was looking into her face.

"Ah, I see you will not. You love me, Eleanor! Oh, my dear," and somehow she was in his arms again, "how can I let you marry him?"

"You cannot!" she cried, clinging to him; "and if you could, I would not! Oh, it was only because I thought you did not care! I will tell Mr. Poynset all the truth. Better be false to my promise now than be a false wife, whose hand only might be his, while her heart was pining for another. He is generous, and besides, he will not care. Come dear, at once. Oh Heaven, the boat—the boat has gone! Walter! Walter!"

She threw herself into his arms, and they gazed into each other's eyes in agony.

It was too true.

The boat had drifted away.

Love and death had come to them together.

Eleanor was the first to control herself, calmed by the sight of his anguish at her impending fate.

"Dear love," she whispered solemnly, "it is a far happier lot than seemed mine an hour ago. I shall die in your arms, and, Heaven knows my heart, I prefer that to living without you."

But death was not ready for them yet.

In that moment of supreme agony, whose memory would go with them through their lives, help came, and from an unexpected quarter.

Suddenly a boat's keel grated against the rock, and the voice of Allan Poynset called to them.

He had seen their close embrace, and his face was very pale, but he uttered no reproach when Eleanor asked him faintly how he had guessed their danger.

"Your aunt told me where you were," he said; "and when the boat drifted in with the tide, I guessed the rest."

Then with a change of look and tone—

"A part of the rest at least," he added, sadly.

"Am I wrong in thinking that I have rescued Mr. Searle's intended wife, when I went forth to look for my own?"

Eleanor's tears fell fast.

She took the diamond from her hand and gave it back to him.

"I ought never to have worn it," she said humbly; "I had no heart to give you. Try to forgive."

He smiled, sadly and gravely, glancing at the ring.

"I do forgive you, child," he said. "You have a right to secure your life's happiness. Mr. Searle, when she is your wife will you let her wear my ring, in remembrance of a friend who passes out of her life to-night for ever? I wish you both all the joy that I have missed. Do not refuse me."

Walter took the ring in silence.

At that instant the boat grounded on the shore.

Mr. Poynset sprang from it.

"Farewell, Eleanor—Heaven bless you!" he said.

She stood clinging to her lover's arm, her face all smiles and tears.

"Oh, thank you! bless you!" she cried impulsively. "But oh, I hope you do not care!"

He only smiled—that sad, grave smile, as he walked away, and waved her adieu for answer.

But long afterwards—when Eleanor had been a happy wife and mother for many years—they heard of him again, grown an old man now, and still a lonely bachelor.

And Eleanor, looking thoughtfully at the ring she wore, sighed for his lonely life.

'Poor Mr. Poynset," she thought, pitying him out of her own plenitude of love and happiness. "But I could not have made him happier! I wonder, oh, I wonder, did he care?"

THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

IN Paris there are five prisons for male offenders, one for boys, the Petite Roquette, and one for women, St. Lazare.

The chief of the male prisons, La Grande Roquette, is only used as a depot for convicts under transportation or seclusion, and the prison in Rue du Cherche-Midi is for soldiers.

Mazas is the House of Detention for prisoners awaiting trial, but it also contains about 800 prisoners undergoing sentences of not more than one year's duration.

Ste. Pelagie and La Santé are houses of correction, where the associated system mostly prevails, and the latter is at the same time as general infirmary.

All convicted prisoners who are diseased, infirm, and require continued medical attendance are sent to the Santé.

It rests with the Public Prosecutor, and not with the Judges, to determine in what prison a delinquent sentenced by the Correctional Courts shall be confined.

Herein favoritism comes largely into play.

A prisoner of the lower orders, having no respectable connections, will not get the option of serving his time in solitary confinement, and thereby earning a remittance.

If he petitions for this favor he will be told that there are no cells vacant, and he will be removed to Ste. Pelagie or the Santé, where he will sleep in a dormitory and work in an associated atelier.

If he be a shoemaker or tailor he will work at his own trade; if not, he will be employed in making brush combs, cardboard boxes, paper bags, toys or knick-knacks for venders of those thousand trifles which are comprised under the designation articles de Paris. Being paid by the piece, he will have every inducement to work hard.

Of his earnings government will retain one-third toward the expenses of his keep, one-third will be put aside and paid to him on his discharge, while the remaining third will be paid to him in money to enable him to buy little luxuries at the prison canteen.

The things purchasable at the canteen are wine at the rate of a pint and a half a day, café au lait, chocolate, butter, cheese, ham, sausages, eggs, salad, fruit, tinned meat, biscuits, stationery, tobacco and snuff.

Prisoners are allowed to smoke in Parisian jails, and a very sensible provision this is, for it prevents that illicit traffic in tobacco which brings so many prisoners and warders to trouble in English prisons, and it also supplies a ready means of punishing a refractory prisoner.

Frenchmen decline to admit that order cannot be kept in a jail without corporal punishment.

As a rule, French prisoners behave exceedingly well, because they know they can greatly alleviate the hardships of their position by so doing.

For a first offense a man's tobacco and wine will be cut off for a week; for a second he may be forbidden to purchase anything at the canteen for a month; if he perseveres in his folly he will be prohibited from working—that is, from earning money, and will be locked up in a cell to endure the misery of utter solitude and idleness.

If this severe measure fails and the man becomes obstreperous he will be straight-waistcoated and put into a dark padded cell, where he may scream and kick at the walls to his heart's content.

To these rational methods of coercion the most stubborn natures generally yield.

It must be confessed, however, that there are certain desperate characters who delight in giving trouble, and who, untamed by repeated punishments, will often commit murderous assaults upon warders, Chaplain, or Governor out of sheer bravado.

BANK CHECKS.—The printing of bank checks and other documents, so as to prevent fraud, has been experimented with in France in such a manner that the results attained are believed to realize as nearly as possible the object sought. Advantage has been taken of the well-known property of turning red by treatment with acids, and blue by treatments with alkalies, possessed by eosine, litmus, and other dyes. Forgers, as a rule, have used either oxalic or some weak vegetable acids or a weak alkaline solution to effect erasures—in either case detection being inevitable. One method of protection experimented with is that in which ordinary paper is printed on partly with an acid and partly with an alkaline ink, the same coloring matter being used for both inks. Oxalic acid has been found preferable, and for alkalies, bicarbonate of soda and potash, and caustic soda, the strength of the acid or alkali being reduced as required.

Nobody Knows.

BY [illegible]

A ROSY little woman with black dots of eyes, and such a soft caressing way with her that you wondered she had ever been left to open a boarding-house in her maid's name at the mature age of twenty-seven.

She was cut out to be the sweetest of wives and the fondest of mothers, and it was altogether John Bennett's fault that she had not been fulfilling her mission for the past seven years.

Emmy Leslie had been a trifle above him in the world at that time.

Her father was a rich man, but by no means a proud one, and nothing but his own faint heart had stood between John Bennett and future happiness, that day they went boating down the river's length, and lost themselves in the tangling creeks of the marshes.

The time went in rowing up one and down another, quite unable to find the main channel, until the stealthy creeping fog stole up from the swamp lands, and curled in damp cloth rings over the dead flat piercing like inside mosquito lances to the very marrow, and further confusing him until the tide went out and left them lying high, but not dry, on the muddy bottom.

John acted like a hero, as became the occasion.

He wrapped his coat about her, and carried her in his arms while he waded knee-deep through the mud to the firm sand of the shore.

Then he made her race with him until the chilled blood beat warm and fast.

I feel sure that he would have carried her over the five mile stretch which lay between them and the town when her strength gave out, if a ball had not come from the river, followed by a boat, and Douglas Thornton in search of them.

And, from being master of the situation, John dropped at once into the secondary place which he always occupied when any rival opposed him.

"Better take me for your protector, Emmy," Thornton said, openly.

"I promise never to run you ashore on the shoals; no one but an idiot would get tangled up in such plain sailing."

Perhaps there was truth as well as force in the declaration.

Certainly no one but John Bennett would have failed to read the meaning when Douglas Thornton suddenly left the place, and pink rings circled Emmy's eyes, for what true woman can discuss a lover without a feeling of pain?

He was not even left in doubt on one point for saying something of the time when Thornton would be back, Emmy corrected him soberly:

"I never expect him to come back.

"I can well tell you there is nothing at all between us—I see that you think there is."

Surely here was an opportunity if he ever wished to avail himself of it.

He began to stammer:

"I thought — thought — that—that—you expected to be sorry.

"Well, I am sorry. Do you believe men ever do go to the bad because women refuse them?

He said that if he did, I might know that it was my work.

"The coward!" sprang to John's lips, but he kept back the words and waited—for what if Emmy was regretting her refusal, or if she should have the same answer for him?

You see now how the case stood.

For all these seven years he had hovered about her while one after another of her lovers had dropped away.

Time after time he had nerved himself for the all-important confession, and as often his native timidity, his fear of refusal, or too low estimate of himself, had checked the words upon his tongue.

When Emmy's father broke down under pecuniary losses, sickened and died, and she gathered together her remnants of fortune, with this boarding-house project in her head, he made a valiant attempt to come to the rescue.

"You aren't fit for such work," he said.

"I am fit for no other unless it would be as somebody's housekeeper, and I'd rather be my own housekeeper and somebody's landlady."

"So you may be," he began, eagerly, "if—if—you'll be mine."

"Your landlady, do you mean?"

It was not at all what John meant, not what Emmy thought he meant, but he had so often trembled upon the verge that she would accept nothing but a plain statement.

He gasped like a man who has taken an unexpected plunge in cold water.

"Yes, yes, of course, first floor front at your own price."

He could have bitten his tongue out next instant in rage at his pusillanimous retreat, but he found an atom of comfort when he reviewed the situation.

"She isn't fit for the business, such a soft little thing; I'll be sure to find courage when I see her struggling under its cares."

But Emmy had a better knowledge of her capabilities than he.

Her servants obeyed her, the boarders were all delighted, with their sweet-tempered little landlady and John settled himself to [illegible] front for [illegible]

So he [illegible] he was not to [illegible]

He did [illegible] and boarders' valuables, of fire, of sickness, but the man who will let the woman of his choice struggle alone through rent collection is not apt to be influenced by imaginary evils.

But this night-prowling of Emmy's was to bear fruit at last.

There came to the house one day a very [illegible], patchouli scented, who started a little at sight of her fresh, rosy face, and held out a white hand as he asked:

"Am I quite forgotten?"

"Mr. Thornton."

Mr. [illegible] her with hungry-looking eyes that fairly haunted her at times.

They were somewhat hollow eyes in a rather haggard face.

If I had not been for the diamonds blazing at his wrist and in his bosom, Emmy could have believed that he had really come to the hall, and was meekly reproaching her for sending him there.

The first night after establishing himself in the house he came to her where she was [illegible] the silver in the dining-room.

[illegible] safe, Miss Leslie. Then may I leave my diamonds in your charge? They are particularly fine ones, and I [illegible] leave them to the mercy of the [illegible] who may chance to come [illegible]

[illegible] led her into wider watchfulness, and sent her shivering from her bed to find the scene of her many imaginings realized, to see the dark form of a burglar hovering over her safe, wide open by the mysterious means such gentry possess.

There was a glitter and sparkle in his hand as she appeared which made her forget fear as she sprung forward and caught his arm, gathering breath for a scream which died away as she looked up into the face of Douglas Thornton himself.

"There don't make a fuss," said he, scornfully.

"It's not an indictable offence if a man is caught stealing his own affairs."

"I—I don't understand."

"I daresay you don't," he muttered, with bitter fierceness.

"Women like you know nothing of the paradise to which you send us men in this world as well as the next.

"Oh yes; look innocent! but what I am you made me when you denied me the influence that would have turned me into a [illegible]

The room seemed to rock, and Emmy sat down with her frightened eyes fixed upon his face.

"I mean just what I say," he went on, recklessly.

"I loved you, and you could have saved me.

"You left me with no aim in life, and from being an idler I descended to living by my wits.

"You don't know what that means? Well, I was just going to steal my own diamonds and hold you responsible for their loss.

"You owe me that much I think, for the wreck you've made of my life."

"Douglas, did you ever do anything like [illegible]

"Never. I've been a bad fellow, but not a dishonest one, as I [illegible] had up. [illegible] entered into me when I came here, saw [illegible] and realized to what depths I had fallen.

"Then I wish that you would take, let me lend you the money you need."

"Why? Because you utterly despise me?"

"Oh, no, no! Because I would like to make you some reparation if it is, as you say all my fault.

Douglas Thornton's was an elastic nature, swift to rebound, and despite his self-humiliation, a spark came into his eyes.

"Make reparation. There is but one way you can do it—by undoing the wrong.

Who can follow the strange workings of a woman's heart?

Emmy pitied him, she accepted his reproaches as if they had been most just and accepted him.

None of them know of the pretending shadow which had followed her, of the dark figure which had stood an unsuspected witness of that scene.

John Bennett came early down to the weak ast-room next morning, in the hope [illegible] her there before the other boarders came in, and failing, passed on to the little room where she kept her accounts.

Thornton was there, leaning against the mantel, looking down at her with well satisfied [illegible]

"I wouldn't have dared so hopelessly to run," he was saying, "if I [illegible] fancying you [illegible]. I used to think in the old [illegible] were partial to that Jack Bennett.

"I was," said she. "Douglas, I'll tell you the truth.

"In beginning our lives anew we'll have no secrets from each other.

"It's all over now, but I thought he cared for me, and I waited seven years for him to speak but he never did."

For which he was a numbskull and I am [illegible]

But, would you believe it, John Bennett, who had not the spirit to speak when success waited his word, walked into her presence when Emmy was alone and made a full confession of his love, possibly in a wild hope that she might give up the man who was in no manner worthy of her, perhaps through the mannish selfishness which would not spare the woman he loved one pang.

But for Emmy, her word was passed, the fiat had gone forth.

She became Mrs. Douglas Thornton, and if she ever regretted it nobody knows.

Mercy Rewarded.

BY [illegible]

IT was a bitter cold night in February.

Beneath the footsteps of the hurrying passers-by the frozen ground rang like so much metal, and the glittering sheets of plate-glass in the shop windows were rosted over with the icy touch of the Arctic atmosphere.

And Mabel Ireland, standing behind her counter, sighed wearily to herself, and thought that the hands of the old clock had never travelled around the dial so slowly.

For Mabel had a letter to write to her lover that night, and she was to leave the shop at nine and Miss Fotherbee, the cashier, was to take her place.

Mabel Ireland was a rosy, round-faced girl, with jet-black hair growing in a level line across her forehead, large, soft brown eyes, with a kitten-like sparkle in their depths, and red lips ready to break into a smile at the least provocation.

"One of my best young women," Mr. Sugarloaf was wont to say.

And Mabel's wages made a home for herself and a widowed sister, who was too feeble and inefficient to do much at earning her own living.

She was one of those frank, wholesome-natured working-girls who set an example in their noble independence to all the [illegible]

As she stood there, waiting on the ever-pressing throng of customers, she saw a pale woman in a tattered shawl, with a basket of small wares on her arm, make her way into the shop, creeping in and out among the crowd.

Nobody wanted to buy, nobody does when it is a matter of life or death to the wretched vendor.

"I'll buy a card of buttons of her, when she comes this way," [illegible] said Mabel to herself.

"She looks so cold, and that shawl of hers has no more warmth in it than a pocket-[illegible]

At that instant the woman was standing close to the counter, upon which was piled up a heap of fresh brown loaves, still crisp, warm and fragrant from the oven.

The elegant lady in the onyx ear-drops and sealskin mantle whom she addressed turned coldly away.

"I want nothing," said she; "nothing—[illegible] you hear? I can't see why people are allowed to pester one in this sort of way. Yes, Mr. Sugarloaf, three decorated cakes, a macaroon temple, and four of those muffins of Charlotte Russe."

The lady pointed with her primrose-kid [illegible]

Mr. Sugarloaf turned briskly round to see what especial pattern of tin mould she had selected, and in that moment Mabel Ireland saw the pale woman cast a furtive, frightened glance around and then snatch up one of the loaves and hide it in her basket under the tapes, buttons, and coarse-printed pocket-handkerchiefs.

And, as she lifted her startled gaze, she met the grave, surprised eyes of Mabel.

"Poor thing!" thought Mabel, "how terrified she looks. She must be very, very poor to do such a thing, for she has not the appearance or manner of an ordinary beggar. No, she need not be afraid. I shall not betray her."

And Mabel, instead of giving the alarm at once, as Mr. Sugarloaf, no doubt, would have expected her to do, kept her own counsel, looked pityingly at the miserable culprit as she hurried, with a sort of frantic haste, out of the shop, and, with an untutored sense of justice, she put her hand into her own pocket and dropped six cents [illegible]

"I; I pay for the bread," Mabel Ireland said to herself, "nobody will be any the poorer for it.

"And the poor woman did look so pale and hollow-eyed.

"Miss Monge had a boy arrested here last week, and I never shall [illegible] I was—poor, haggard wretch! The policeman dragged him away, and the justice sentenced him to a month in prison, all for a miserable current bun. If I had seen him I should have told him how wrong he was, and given him a penny to buy the bun honestly.

"Oh, dear, dear, it must be so wretched to be poor."

In came a fresh crowd of eager customers, and until nine o'clock Mabel was busy taking orders, wrapping up parcels, and helping fine ladies who didn't exactly know what they wanted, to decide between this, that, and the other thing.

Then, with a sensation of indescribable relief, she put on her warm gray cloth cloak, with a little turban hat to match, tied up her head in a fleecy white "cloud," and tripped off home with a heart as light as a feather.

Home?

It was only two rooms in a lodging house with some lingering claims to gentility, on account of a milliner in the front room downstairs, and a dentist who came daily for two hours to the small back room.

But Mabel Ireland, who had all her life been accustomed to the narrow limits of life in a city, was quite satisfied with it, and soon hurried in from the keen night air to [illegible]

"Why, Donald!" she cried out, in surprise, "is this you?"

For there, sitting by the little fire, was Donald MacAlister himself, a tall, brown-bearded young giant, with long silky whiskers and merry blue eyes.

"Yes, I thought I should surprise you," said Donald, giving her the hug of an affectionate-minded Scot. "But the superintendent gave me a day off—and so I came on down the line."

For Mr. MacAlister was a guard on one of the [illegible] railroads which cross and recross England and she had first become acquainted with him when she came down upon his train from a visit to a distant relative.

"But," added honest Donald, in face clouding over a little, "I had other business in London besides seeing you, darling! I've a sister living here, Mabel!"

"A sister?" echoed Mabel. "I never knew of it, Donald."

"Nor I either, pet," said the young man. "She was in bonnie Scotland three years ago, but she ran away with a [illegible] and [illegible] left the old country. Since then I have heard that they have gone to [illegible]

"Oh, Donald!"

"And he has deserted her," said MacAlister, "so my mother wrote me from Perthshire, and left her with two little children, and she is starving here in London, too proud, poor dear, to appeal to any of her family for help. But I've found her at last. Will you go with me, Mabel, my dear?" he added.

"She is wretchedly poor, but it may do her good to look into the sympathizing eyes of woman like herself."

"Of course I will go," said Mabel, jumping up, and together they hurried through the bitter cold and half-lighted darkness of the streets—under the gloomy doors of a rickety old house, and up a stairway which was as dark as Egypt, and a good deal more dangerous to travel.

"I'm ashamed to bring you here, pet," said Donald, pressing the girl's arm closer to his breast, "but things will be very different now that I have found poor Jean. I shall take her into the country, and have her and the children boarded at a farm where they can smell roses and sweet hay when the spring time comes, and drink milk that is something more than chalk and water. Here we are now."

And he led her into a squalid room, carpetless and [illegible], with a roof that sloped so as nearly to touch their heads.

A lamp burned on the table, and crouching over the recently kindled fire, with one little child nestling close up to her, and another asleep in a wretched wooden box, which did temporary duty for a cradle, was the bent figure of a woman.

"I've been [illegible] Miss [illegible] Nay, don't drop your head so, Jane [illegible] that my sister and the woman that, [illegible] Heaven, is to be my wife should be friends. Mabel, this is Mrs. Finch."

Mrs. Finch looked up and tried to falter [illegible]

But [illegible] her eyes the two women [illegible]

Jean Finch was the half-starved [illegible] whom she had met on the eve of [illegible] Mr. Sugarloaf's [illegible] Holyrood night.

[illegible] looked at Mabel with [illegible]

"[illegible] she muttered [illegible] the elder of the [illegible] kept from [illegible] Heaven bless you [illegible] only as I [illegible]

Mabel clasped the poor shuddering creature in her arms with a loving touch.

"Do you think I would betray you?" said she. "Did I betray you then?"

"Heaven bless you, no!" said Mrs. Finch bursting into tears.

Sir Donald MacAlister and Mabel Ireland walked home together; and the next spring Mabel became the mistress of a pretty little cottage in the suburbs, where Jessie and her children kept her company when Donald was absent upon his long journeys.

[illegible] that she was the happiest woman in the world.

"You deserve to be," said John Finch, earnestly.

"The embossed excrescence on your olfactory organ is not yet in its adolescence," said a physician to a young man with an abnormal development of the nez retroussé. The doctor merely meant that the bell on the youth's nose was not yet ripe. But the fellow thought he wouldn't live to get home. He now carries a dictionary in his vest pocket.

A [illegible] who is traveling horse with [illegible] how many [illegible] says to him: "I [illegible] you [illegible] I will have a new [illegible] for you. What would you like best? [illegible] or a little [illegible]" "Well, it is [illegible] I'm going to marry, I'd rather have a little pony."

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT.

"I had been sick two years and the worst cough I ever had in my life. For about six weeks I expectorated [illegible] matter a tough, yellow mucus, streaked with blood. In about three days after I commenced using Compound Oxygen, the cough, [illegible] that awful distressed feeling [illegible] was drawn across my chest and [illegible] were all gone. The rapidity with which the [illegible] If you [illegible] of consumption, [illegible] for our [illegible] Philadelphia Pa.

Our Young Folks.

CHIRPING AND GRUMBLING.

BY M. G. LEATHES.

"GIVE us a light here," said a long black Slug, lazily, to a Glow-worm.

"I was just stretching myself out a little, and I went thump against something so queer!"

"I should have thought you couldn't go thump against anything," said a Beetle under a clod; "you're so jellysome, and lumpy and squashy."

"And what are you, I should like to know, Mr. Put-your-finger-into-other people's-pies?

"All outside coat, and nothing else! It would do you good to have a little of my jelly, as you call it, inside you.

"You'd feel substantial for the first time in your life!"

"Oh, goody!" said the flippant Beetle, "I've no ambition that way.

"I've no wish to drag a lump along at an inch a minute, as is the fashion in your family, my flabby friend!"

"Here, can't you be quick?" said the Slug to the Glow-worm.

"I want to get out of the way of this insolent crawler.

"I and my people scorn to use legs. It is a vulgar way of getting about the world!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a Grasshopper, playing leap-frog backwards and forwards over the Slug.

"I like that! A fine fellow you are to talk about being quick! Let's have a race, my lad!"

Just then the Glow-worm crept over and threw a glimmer over a nest of small balls which a family of wood-mice had made under a stone.

But the stone had been kicked aside by a passer-by, and the little pills, remained asleep, rolling about in rather an uncomfortable way.

"By my horns," said the Slug, "they're a queer lot!

"No wonder they were comfortable to crawl over.

"I can manage most things with practice—from a thistle to a hedgehog.

"I once won a bet that I would circumambulate, or—that's not the word—circumscrambulate a hedgehog when he was asleep, and I did it!

"I wonder if these are young hedgehogs; they've the same way of packing up their legs.

"By the way, Old Stickleback is asleep under that hedge.

"If you'll show a light, my friend Glimmer, I think I'll ask him if he's lost any of his family."

"I'll call him," said the Grasshopper. "We should be all in our graves before you came back, if we waited for you; and I'm sorry for Glimmer dancing attendance on your Slimyship."

So the saucy Grasshopper, with one hop, alighted cleverly close to Old Stickleback, and sprang his rattle in his ear.

"Whatever's the matter?" said the Hedgehog.

"Oh, it's you, Grasshopper? What a nuisance you are!

"Can't you be quiet, and let an honest hedgehog sleep?"

"You're so proud of your voice you must use it.

"I don't think much of it, if you're making up to me, I can tell you!"

"Good Hedgehog," said the Grasshopper, "I only came on a message of mercy.

"There are some of your children rolling about in the road, in danger of being squashed!"

"Squashed!" said Stickleback, bristling up.

"Dear me, you don't say so! By-the-by, though, when I come to think of it, I only have one, and she is grown up, and out in the world.

"I introduced her last week—so she is off my hands!"

"Well, at all events, they are relations of yours," said the Grasshopper, dancing backwards and forwards over the Hedgehog's back; "for no family but yours has the amusing habit of swallowing their own legs and making pills of themselves when they are in danger."

"I should most advisedly rather fear, said the Hedgehog, with a grunt.

"But where are those relations of mine, Mr. Hedgehog, may I ask?"

"I have seen very few of my kind, and I should like to be introduced."

The Grasshopper winked at the Beetle, who had followed, and was bidding, that he might see the fun, and said, "Well, come along.

"Only, how do you travel?

"We two can't—

"Shall I give you a kick?"

"Insolent whipper-snapper!" said the Hedgehog, toddling sleepily along.

"You'd better not come too near me, or you won't forget it."

But though he toddled his best, the Grasshopper was there before him, laughing, nodding his sleeve, but under his wing.

"So you are there, my friend!" said the Hedgehog, eyeing the Slug.

"I hope you've got over the journey you had upon the points of my outer-coat. I fear you must have been rather footsore."

"I think you look pretty well. You would be quite handsome if you'd—

"Scissors, indeed!" said the Slug. "You forget I know nothing of such vulgar superfluities.

"I crawled leisurely up one quill and down another, and so was unearthed,

"I confess it took me a long time, but I did it!"

"What must have been your feelings, dear Stickleback," said the Grasshopper, "to have a mass of jelly balanced on your quills?"

"There are few things I can't sleep through," grunted out Stickleback, "save your cracked voice, my friend.

"But where are my distinguished relatives?"

"Don't you see them?" said the Grasshopper, giving the tiny round balls a kick, and sending them rolling towards Stickleback's nose.

"Ahal!" said the prickly hog; "aha! So, so!

"Well, yes; but they're, I should say, rather small."

"Oh, they'll grow," said the Grasshopper, with another wink.

"They lost their mother very young. They want care, and they'll thrive and be splendid prickly piggies!"

"Is it so? Perhaps you're right," said Stickleback, who was a joke in the woods for his stupidity.

"And you think evidently that it's my duty as a relation to make a home for and look after these poor deserted orphans?

"I'll make a hole for them, and shelter them with my body, and to-morrow I'll take advice as to how to promote their growth."

So with a few scratches Piggie made a hole, and with a few kicks the the Grasshopper rolled the dozen round balls into the hole, and retreated into the wood to split with laughter over the joke.

"Old Stickleback will wait long enough if he's to see any young hopefuls reach [illegible]

"I've relieved myself of [illegible] with whom I never have anything to do with."

"Oh, it's too good!" said the Grasshopper laughing again till the air echoed with his rattling mirth.

"But you and I must keep out of his way, for he's an ugly fellow to meet when he's angry; and, if the truth must be told, I shouldn't wonder if Old Slimy betrayed us."

"Nor should I.

"I can trust Glimmer—he's no mischief-maker; he's busy, and too benevolent. It's the lazy "do-nothings" who make the mischief."

However, as it happened, Slimy was too selfish and too lazy to trouble himself about other people's affairs; so he drew himself together and sheltered under a primrose leaf till morning, lest in the dark he might go thump against anything else that was queer.

And Glimmer carried his little lantern to light some invalid maiden ants home, and to enliven a shivering butterfly, who found the nights cold and who pined for her friend the sun.

Meanwhile Old Stickleback snoozed till daylight came.

Then he stirred and gave another look at his queer little relations.

He was puzzled when he found they uncurled and trotted about on many legs, but directly he put his nose near them they poked themselves up into balls again; so he could get no answer from them as to who they were.

So he pushed them back with his nose into their hole, and covered them over with his big body to keep them warm.

"They must be very young indeed," he said.

"I [illegible] they've grown bigger but [illegible]

"I wish I knew where [illegible] She'd understand all about it in a minute. I think the real truth must be that they are very young indeed."

Stickleback was very patient, and watched for days over his funny little relations; but they did not grow, and one day, when he was very hungry, and left the hole for a few minutes to gobble up a big black beetle, the little family took to their legs and crawled away at their best speed until they hid under a stone.

The Grasshopper was one of the few insects who were bold enough to ask the poor old grunter after his family; and one day she shrieked shrilly from a tall foxglove [illegible] well above his head—

"Good-day, Mr. Stickleback. How are all the little Sticklebacks?"

"I am sorry to say," said the Hedgehog, "I [illegible]

"Dear! dear!" shrieked the Grasshopper, "Poor dears! how sad!

"They [illegible] Mr. Stickleback, I [illegible]

"He's laughing [illegible]," said the same Slug, from an [illegible]

"[illegible]

"Who's the low company now?" said the Grasshopper, taking a spring to a high bough over the heads of both the Hedgehog and the Slug.

"Well, I confess," said the stupid prickly Piggie, "those very young relations did puzzle me; but then I left all those things to my wife.

"She was a splendid mother, Mr. Slimy.

"I [illegible] that, I [illegible] I take things easy, as you see, my friend.

"Don't you?" shrieked the Grasshopper.

"I have remarked it," said bristly Piggie.

"And in consequence," said the Slug, with a conceited sniggle, "I acquire much wisdom which you bustling, galloping, hurrying creatures, miss altogether.

"So take my advice; don't believe what everybody says to you; and choose your companions among those who are bigger than yourself, not smaller.

"It's not good to be always looking down on your friends.

"Did you ever remark, now, that my eyes look straight up at the sky, and that's the reason I'm so wise?"

"There may be a truth in what you say," replied the Hedgehog.

"I understand the gist of your remarks to be "Avoid low company."

"Now, one must be lower than the other, and if we were all to look above us I don't quite see how it is to be managed.

"The only way out of the difficulty that I can see is to get rid of everything smaller than yourself, and I confess it is a plan I go upon.

"I am grateful for your advice, which I will follow."

Thereupon Old Stickleback swallowed up the lump of jelly—making a fuss over it—and looking out for a beetle to take away the taste.

"So perish all grumblers and busy-bodies!" chirped out the Grasshopper, at a safe distance, shivering a little, after grasshopper fashion, at the narrow escape he himself had had; only that it was a known fact that prickly Piggie did not relish much the hard case and the long legs of his family and had even been known to be choked by them.

"So perish the whole race of grumblers and mischief-makers!" he repeated.

"I, for my part, consider it is a duty to go cheerfully about the world, chirping by the way, and hopping over difficulties if you can't come over them any other way.

So, with a hop and a chirp, our merry friend vanished into the wood.

ENGAGED TO.

BY ANNA GALLAGHER.

"HOME!"

And the neat little brougham drove away, conveying pretty Mrs. Carleton from Lady Featherby's dance to her own tiny dwelling in Mayfair, where she lived alone with her daughter, Nellie; her daughter—grown up now, though she herself still looked so young and attractive that many people wondered why it was she had so long remained a widow, whom she hardly knew how to meet after what had befallen that afternoon.

But it must be told some time or other, and Mrs. Carleton plunged into the subject at once on entering her own charming little drawing-room where Nellie awaited her.

"What a surprise I have had, Nellie," she said nervously.

"I have met an old friend—somebody I used to know when I was a girl."

And Mrs. Carleton turned away to take off her wraps, for she felt conscious that she was blushing.

"And the idea of blushing at my age," said Mrs. Carleton to herself.

But Nellie took no notice of her mother's blushes.

She was pre-occupied with thoughts of her own, and "somebody who knew her mother as a girl" suggested something very middle-aged and uninteresting.

She was thinking of Cuthbert Denison who had had a very pleasant walk with her that afternoon, and she too rather hoped that mother would not take too much notice of her face.

So the two ladies sat over their books that evening as though such interesting volumes had never been written before, and dreamt dreams that were not so unlike as mothers' and daughters' are supposed to be. Mrs. Carleton had been a widow for many years, and the old friend she had just met was her first lover.

They had quarrelled and parted, and she had married Mr. Carleton.

But now the old memories came back again.

She wondered whether she had not been too quick to take offence?

However, it was all over, and why should there not be a pleasant friendship between them in their later years?

He had asked leave to call, and she had given it to him.

There lay his card before her—"Austin Leigh"—and he had not altered so much as one might have expected—not so much as she had herself; and the widow sighed.

Mr. Leigh called next day.

Nellie saw him.

He told her she was her mother over again, and she rather admired him as a man of elegance and experience, and soon he was thoroughly established on the footing of a family friend.

He came and went without ceremony; he offered his escort to mother and daughter alike, and soon Mrs. Carleton began to hear on every side praises of "Nellie's admirer."

"A little old for her, perhaps," said the inquisitive friends; "so elegant, so distinguished; and well off, too, is he not?"

Mrs. Carleton only shook her head and laughed; but to herself she said—

"It is very probable that these good folks are right; the thing often happens.

"Nellie is like me. It is a compliment to me, certainly; and men never know that they grow old as well as we. Why should I object?"

But she sighed a little, and that day put her hair in a plainer way.

"More suitable for many years," she said to Nellie, who laughed.

Indeed, Mrs. Carleton felt herself quite old in these days in which she looked forward to the union of her old beau with her "little girl."

One day, it was six months from the evening on which Mr. Leigh had rewarded his acquaintance with the widow—Mrs. Carleton sat alone in her boudoir.

Nellie was out, and her mother was sunk in so deep a reverie that she did not hear the bell ring nor the door open, and started with surprise when Mr. Leigh stood before her.

"Alone?" he asked, looking at her with a kindly smile.

"Nellie is off enjoying herself, I suppose. May I sit here beside you?"

She made no room for him on the sofa.

"It is a good many years since we used to sit this way together in your father's house," said Mr. Leigh.

"'Nellie,' they called you. I like Nellie better than any other name I know.

"I never saw a Nellie who was not pretty."

"I wonder whether I was pretty," said Mrs. Carleton.

"Oh, yes, pretty; not as handsome as you are now," said Mr. Leigh.

"Oh, I am quite an old woman. I shall be forty next birthday," said she.

"And I forty-five; but I feel young," said the man, laughing.

"Tell me, am I too old to mend my old wasted life by marrying. Mrs. Carleton?"

"But it is different with men," said Mrs. Carleton, sighing. "Certainly not. A man, I believe, is never too old."

"The French have a saying—'A man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks," said Mr. Leigh.

"That's unjust. Why should not a woman be as young as she feels too? said Mrs. Carleton.

"Because I have heard women talk of being old when they looked almost like girls," said Mr. Leigh.

"Helen, at least we are old enough to know our own minds now.

"Do you think I should make a woman happy, or am I what you called me once, a jealous fool that would make a woman's life wretched?"

"Oh, I was a goose then, you know," said Mrs. Carleton.

"I was sorry afterwards, but dear me, all that is ages ago."

"And you understand what I mean?" said Mr. Leigh. "You know whom I want for a wife?"

"I suppose I do," sighed Mrs. Carleton.

"Can I have her?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Leigh!" said Mrs. Carleton, "there indeed you show that you are not very young.

"It's not for me to give her away. I can only give my consent [illegible] after you have learnt her sentiments, and she—she may have some other fancy.

"Nellie is an odd girl.

"I find it hard to make sure of what she thinks.

"I—in fact, if you want Nellie, you must propose to Nellie."

"Ah," replied Mr. Leigh, "but you see, Mrs. Carleton, I no more want that Nellie than she would have me.

"I want you, my own Nellie, whom I have never ceased to love."

When Nellie the younger came home that night she was very pale, and her eyes shone wonderfully.

Mrs. Carleton was alone, and Nellie sat down on the little stool at her feet.

"Mamma," said she, "I have something to say to you.

"Cuthbert proposed to me to-night, and I accepted him.

"You don't object, mamma?"

"Oh, my dear, I—[illegible] I am—object to anything?" cried Mrs. Carleton. "I am enchanted to look at you, child."

"Why?" asked Nellie.

The girl suddenly almost sprang down, looked [illegible] mother's [illegible]

"Mamma, I believe you have been doing the same thing.

"You are engaged too."

Mrs. Carleton did not contradict her daughter.

Low shoes are fast taking the place of high boots this season. Slippers in black or colored satin are elaborately decorated on the toe with beading in jet, steel or cashmere colors. White satin slippers are embroidered with pearl, crystal or spar beads. Heels of either boots or slippers are of more moderate height than formerly. There is no greater folly than to squeeze the feet with shoes too small for them, for they not only ruin the gait but cause pain, and pain engenders irritability of temper. The natural form of the foot has the toes spread out the great toe parallel the axis of the whole foot. A famous chiropodist states, "Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet to which is opposed a resistance from the bone immediately beneath, in consequence of which corns and other ailments are produced."

THE manufacture of peach baskets has become an important industry. Years ago the baskets were made by hand, and inasmuch as they cost from 25 to 30 cents, the loss of any considerable number of them was a serious matter. But the establishment of great factories, required by the growth of the peach trade, has reduced the price to a moderate figure, varying from $6 to $8 a hundred. Along the Peninsula railroads there are now eight or nine basket factories, each making from 3,500 4,000 baskets a day during the busy season. The bottoms and hoops are made of Maryland pine and the staves from the Delaware gum tree.

AT a fair of the Congregational Church at Palestine, Texas, forty young women gave an exhibition drill with fans, showing how gracefully and bewitchingly these articles can be used. Then the fans were sold by auction, the prices depending on the popularity of its contributor, the whole profit reaching $35.

TENDER AND TRUE.

BY RITA.

Tender and true was the fair young girl,
I knew in the days of old,
With her dewy lips and her wild-rose face,
And her hair of tangled gold,
When in my own she laid her hands,
One cloudless summer day,
To walk with me through shade or shine,
Along life's weary way.

Tender and true was the woman I loved,
With her gentle, queenly grace,
Whose smile of sunshine, swift and sweet,
Could lighten the darkest place:
To whom the little children brought
Their tiny griefs and fears,
Whose patient, tenderly motherly hands,
Toiled tirelessly for years.

Tender and true is the wife I love,
Though no longer young and fair,
Now winter's silver frost-flakes lie
On the sunlight of her hair.
But dearer than ever is she to-day,
She who in shadow and shine
Has never been aught but tender and true,
Oh, loyal love of mine!

ON FRUGAL DIET.

CYRUS, King of Persia, according to Xenophon, was brought up on a diet of water, bread and cresses, till up to his 15th year, when honey and raisins were added; and the family names of Fabii and Lentuli, among the Romans, were derived from their customary and possibly exclusive diet of beans and lentils. Eggs and apples, with a little bread, were for centuries the alpha and omega of a Roman dinner, and, in earlier times, even bread and turnips, if not turnips alone, which the patriot Cincinnatus thought sufficient for his wants.

It is singular that our temperance societies direct their efforts only against the fluid part of our diet; a league of temperate eaters would certainly find a large field for reform. But in Italy the thing was attempted by a Venetian nobleman of the fifteenth century, who restricted himself to a daily allowance of ten ounces of solid food, and six ounces of wine, and prolonged his life to 102 years. Though he did not organize his followers into a society, his example and his voluminous writings influenced the manners of his country for many years. He would not have gained many members in Russia and Germany; but throughout Southern Europe frugality, in the truest old Latin sense, is by no means rare. Lacour, a Marseilles 'longshoreman, earned from 10 to 20 francs a day, loaned money on interest, and gave alms, but slept at night in his basket, and subsisted on 14 onions a day, which preserved him in excellent health and humor.

A pound of bread with six ounces of poor cheese, and such berries as the roadside may offer, constitute the daily rations of the Turkish soldier on the march. A correspondent of a London paper was served with a dish of radishes in a Catalan tavern, in Spain, and ventured to remark that radishes were taken after meals in Northern Europe. "You can get some more after finishing these," was the reply. The radishes constituted the dinner.

Not that men should, but that they can live on bread alone, is abundantly proved by the records of the Old World prisons. Silvio Pellico, the Italian patriot, subsisted for seven years on coarse, rye bread and water, which experience had taught him to prefer to the putrid pork soup of his Austrian bastile. The prisoners of the Khedive were fed on rice and Indian corn, till the prayers of the French residents and his American officers induced him to sweeten their bitter lot by a weekly bottle of diluted molasses.

Fedor Darapski, born in 1774, in Eastern Poland, was brought to the government of Novgorod in his twenty-second year as a conscript to the Russian army, and was soon after sentenced to death for mutiny and assault with intent to kill. The Empress Catherine, acting on a recommendation of the Governor of Novgorod, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, but ordered that on every anniversary of the deed, (an attempt to kill his colonel), the convict should receive forty lashes and be kept on half rations for a week after; the full ration being two pounds of black bread and a jug of cold water. On these terms Darapski was boarded till 1863, when at the approach of his ninetieth birthday he was again recommended to mercy, and liberated by order of the late Czar.

Even the story of Nebuchadnezzar may be more than an allegory, as the wild berries, roots, and grass seeds of the Assyrian valleys contained surely as much nourishment as sour rye bread, and who knows but grass itself might do for a while, since the Slavonian peasants often subsist for weeks at a time on sauer crout and cabbage soup.

Corsican farmers live all winter on dried fruit and chestnut meal, and the Moors of mediæval Spain used to provision their fortified cities with chestnuts and olive oil. During the siege of Lucknow the native soldiers asked that the little rice left be given to their British comrades; as for themselves, they could do with the soup, i. e., the water in which the rice had been boiled!

The most remarkable case of abstinence, combined with robust strength, is furnished in the record of Shamyl, the heroic Circassian, who for the last year of the war that ended with his capture, had nothing but water for his drink and roasted beechnuts for his food, and yet month after month he defied the power of the great Russian Empire in his native mountains, and repeatedly cut his way through the ranks of his would-be captors with the arm of a Hercules.

Grains of Gold.

To deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.

Avoid an angry man for awhile, a malicious one forever.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

There would be fewer young fools if there were more wise elders.

Base natures joy to see harm happen to those them deem happy.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.

Indiscretion, rashness, falsehood, levity, and malice produce each other.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—with regret.

Hear one side and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

The folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves the most foolish.

The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be, is to do present duty.

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it, but never hear it. It is true charity.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

Harsh words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

The errors of great men and the good deeds of reprobates should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comfort than for any other calamities in life.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth, than for one intrepid enough in the face of opposition to stand up for it.

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems likes a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stone used by the pearl divers, which enable them to reach the prize and rise enriched.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; yet they obtain it by social virtues and doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

God has made no one absolute. The rich depends on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a mere magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cementing together. There is no one who subsists by himself alone.

The love of display which results in vulgar ostentation is the result of selfishness, of a desire to excite the envy of others rather than the wish to share benefits with them—an effort to appear great without striving to be great in reality.

After we have finished the time of this life, the end of all time is to succeed, which is to give a period unto all which we leave behind us. Let man, therefore, know, that those things which he leaves behind, for his memory after death, are as vain as those he enjoyed in life.

We cannot be held to what is beyond our strength and means, for at times the accomplishment and execution may not be in our power; and, indeed, there is nothing really in our power except the will: on this are necessarily based and founded all the principles that regulate the duty of man.

The moment we quit the paths of prudence, and become unable to use our judgment, our passions hurry us headlong; human weakness seeks its relief to yielding to their forces; and inevitably we find ourselves launched on the wide deep, destitute of rudder and tackle, and the sport of every wave.

A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not created by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage to birth, wealth, talents, or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable actions.

Femininities.

An honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.

Man proposes and the girl weighs his pocketbook and decides.

How to procure a telling effect—communicate a secret to a woman.

A sweet girl graduate of Haverhill, Mass., takes entire charge of two horses, which are exquisitely groomed.

Mrs. Betsy Young, of Georgia, is seventy years old, has never taken a dose of medicine and has never seen a railroad.

Miss Fox, who sues Mr. Low, of New Orleans, La., for breaking his promise to marry her, places the damage at $1.

It was Beaconsfield who said that "nothing is of so much importance to a young man as to be well criticised by a woman."

A London surgeon says that only one fashionably dressed woman in 500 can draw a full breath with her clothes on.

A Georgia woman applied at a furniture store for a tombstone bureau. Skilful inquiry finally elicited that what she wanted was a bureau with a marble top.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I am gone?" She answered coolly: "It might be brimstone, John."

A Pennsylvania girl was bitten by a copperhead snake. She was stupefied with liquor and a live toad was fastened on the wound. The toad absorbed the poison and died and the girl recovered.

The agricultural college at Hanover, N. H., will admit women pupils at is next term, who will be given a special course of study, including butter and cheese making, and dairying in all its branches.

The cornet fever is raging at London, Ont., so savagely that eleven young ladies have formed a cornet band. Marriage is suggested as a remedy, but there is no certainty that the entire band will take it if offered.

New reasons are arising every day that go to show woman's incapacity for public business. People who don't seem to know enough to be certain about their own ages, are hardly the class to trust with the destinies of a nation.

Two brothers have just married two sisters in Allegheny county, Pa. Thus sisters become sisters-in-law and brothers brothers-in-law, and when they undertake to introduce one another to strangers they make a bad jumble of it.

Mrs. Carrie Chase lives in Binghampton, N. Y., and is a shoemaker by trade. She has pegged forty pairs of boots in ten hours, and averages twelve cases a week of good work. She also understands and does with equal rapidity every branch of the work.

Ohio papers are telling with some show of astonishment of a lady who has lived for forty years within a few miles of Cambridge, that State, and who last week saw strawberries for the first time, and did not know what they were until she was told.

"I have seen," says a quaint writer, "women so delicate that they are afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should capsize; and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married."

A Chicago paper throws out into the community the startling question: "Are women in Chicago and elsewhere in the United States growing prettier or otherwise?" And after over a column of useless words answers it with "Women are growing prettier."

The marriage of McCarnahan and Miss Barnham was forbidden by the girl's father at Paris, Ill. She escaped from the house in the night, walked eight miles to a telegraph office, and sent a message to her lover to come to her. But he, less resolute, had committed suicide.

A lady in town painted a plaque in the most exquisite manner, and expressed it to a friend. Soon after, a note of acknowledgement came, in which the lady stated that "it is altogether too nice to use every day, so I only use it for a bread plate when we have company."

The Princess of Wales does not let her charitable heart grow cold and exclusive on Sundays. On a recent Sunday she and her daughters attended the Children's Flower Service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and then, laden with flowers and fruit, she went to the Children's Hospital and distributed her gifts among the patients.

The Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again."

The dress which Miss Emily McTavish, the wealthy and exceedingly handsome Baltimore belle, wore when she renounced the world and was invested with a nun's habit, was a full and costly bridal costume, composed of a heavy white satin dress, cut en train, and caught up with buds and orange blossoms. A tulle veil enveloped her figure in a fleecy cloud. This typified her wedding with the church.

A recent candidate for a political office in Canada is charged with having promised to buy wedding dresses for some young ladies in the constituency, and "lest he should forget to make the purchases," with having deposited the necessary funds with the parents of the damsels requesting at the same time, that the ballots of the parents be marked in his favor. American politicians can't teach those on the other side of the line much.

The Paris wife who took from her bonnet a tiny dagger which had been placed there as an ornament, and angrily stabbed her husband in the face with it, has supplied a dangerous example. If the gilt daggers with which ladies sometimes decorate their headgear are to be used as weapons against defenseless men, something will have to be done about it. The practice should stop where it is. If daggers are permitted on bonnets, we will next have the fair ones wearing neat little loaded pistols as breastpins.

News Notes.

Music for the Saratoga hotels costs $40,000 for the season.

The highest military rank in the Swiss army is that of colonel.

Fifty thousand watermelons are shipped north from Atlanta daily.

Boston's present valuation is $672,490,100 a gain of $5,935,300 over last year.

The milking stool is the latest craze in the decorative line of wood painting.

Womelsdorf, Pa., has a fire engine that has done service for over sixty years.

Queen Victoria transacts her public business between breakfast and luncheon.

Some bagpipe bands are being raised in Scotland and drums have been added to them.

The present population of Russia is over 100,000,000, an increase of 14,500,000 in the last twelve years.

Bridgeport, Conn., is earning a widespread reputation as the manufacturer of the deadly toy pistol.

An intoxicated individual who fell asleep in a Florida swamp was literally sucked to death by mosquitoes.

Near Houma, La., lives a 13-year old girl who has growing on her face a light-brown beard two inches long.

Francis Murphy writes that the blue ribbon has been tied upon seven hundred breasts since he went to Great Britain.

The expenses of Mr. Hardy, who unsuccessfully contested Yorkshire at Lord F. Cavendish's death, were nearly $40,000.

A foot-race in which all the contestants were married women was one of the novel attractions at a Wisconsin Methodist pic-nic.

A wash basin of alum water, it is said, will keep the flies away from a horse. Essence of pennyroyal is recommended for humanity.

Mrs. Harriet Boswell, a widow, who recently died in Lincoln, Ill., left her entire estate, valued at $8,000, to the poor widows of that place.

A pretty girl of eighteen, neat in dress and polite in manner, is a bootblack in Galveston. She has a chair at a street corner, and makes $3 to $5 a day.

Two circular saws had an encounter in a Saginaw mill, and they knocked each other's teeth out, so furiously that men were cut by flying bits of steel.

Osier bonnets made of brown wicker are worn in Paris. They are shaped like an inverted basket, and are trimmed with cherries, berries or other small fruits.

Black velvet dog collars fastened with a plain gold button are all the rage among the ladies this season, and the origin of the fashion is attributed to the Princess of Wales.

The City of Boston, by establishing its own shop for the repair of apparatus belonging to the Fire department, has reduced the yearly expense from about $30,000 to $12,000.

A lady of Portland, Me., acquired a habit of eating cloves until she consumed a quarter of a pound a day. She became dangerously ill, with all the symptoms of poisoning.

The venders of an electric cure-all in England are making a great display of an extravagant testimonial signed, "George Thornburgh, Speaker of the House of Representatives."

At dinner parties in Newport they serve frozen apricot ice in the form of a Cupid, and ships of ice cream with glace rigging, the hull of tutti-frutti, all at anchor on a sea of spun sugar.

When the German Empress travels in summer the roof of her railroad carriage is covered with a layer of turf, which is watered frequently during the day as a device to keep her cool.

It is estimated that nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually; one-half of which is used for printing, a sixth for writing and the remainder is coarse paper for packing and other purposes.

They mobbed the widower who, at Waterloo, Iowa, while erecting only a plain slab over his wife's grave, presented a handsome piano to the girl who had been very kind to him during his sad affliction.

Before the dreaded ophthalmia can make havoc with the English troops in Egypt it will have to overcome the resistance of blue spectacles, of which 35,000 pairs have been ordered by the Government, at five cents a pair.

A marriage at Dover, N. H., was of a couple who plighted troth twenty years ago. He has been after his fortune in Colorado gold mines and she has been teaching patiently at Dover; love letters going to and fro all the time.

There has been an effort in London this season to re-establish the old contra dances. At a ball at the Earl of Lonsdale's the other night the "Sir Roger de Coverly," better known to us as the Virginia Reel, was danced with spirit and enthusiasm, and greatly enjoyed.

The new opera-house in Franfort on-the-Main illustrates the manner in which electricity now enters into the conveniences of daily life. It there serves as a fire alarm, a heat indicator, a lift measurer for the ventilator, a general illuminator, and a time beater for the orchestra.

According to answers given by Michigan candidates for school teachers' places, there had been twenty-five Presidents of the United States, the word "man" was a "maskaline noun," and the three divisions of the Federal Government were the "monarchical, aristocratical, and democratic."

Baronets seem to be at a low ebb nowadays. Sir Somebody Wraxall has work in a store at Brighton, and Sir Richard Emmanuel Moore, who died lately, was at one time a third-class turnkey at Spike Island, Cork Harbor. A final effort to open a coal store in his son's name failed from lack of capital.

For His Sake.

BY M. S. LEATHES.

OLIVE LESLEY was one of the best weavers in the factory.

She had been pointed out to John Kenneth when he took his place as overseer in the weaving-room.

Olive was a pretty girl—bright, strong and healthy-looking, with big, laughing grey eyes and magnificent brown hair twisted into a great shining coil of braids about her head.

To-day John Kenneth looked at her thoughtfully as she stood there before her loom, clad in the neatest of print dresses, with a clean white collar and a bit of bright ribbon at her throat, and a little bright bow stuck coquettishly on one side of the brown braids.

It was Saturday morning, and Kenneth had been examining and measuring the cuts of cloth which had been taken from the looms on the preceding night.

One piece, marked "O. Lesley," bore a blemish which the weaver had evidently tried to cover, a great gap in the threads had been combed together and plastered over with the fine white dust which, in weaving, sifts down under the web.

Kenneth knew that he would be discharged were he to pass that piece of cloth through to those in higher authority, and he looked at the girl again, this time with a slight frown.

She was working away unconcernedly, as if with an easy conscience—the overseer did not see the quick glance which she cast at his face from under her long lashes.

As he approached her, Olive's lips closed a little firmer, and a wicked sparkle came into her eyes.

"Look here, my girl," said he, rather shortly, as he paused beside her, "I want you to come and look at this piece of cloth marked in your name."

"Oh, I've seen it, Mr. Kenneth," quoth Olive innocently, opening her eyes at him; at which the girl at a neighboring loom turned away to smother a giggle.

The overseer's dark face flushed.

"Then you've seen a most disreputable piece of work, Miss Olive."

"Why didn't you let it go?" queried Olive, turning her bright eyes full upon him with a roguish laugh in their clear depths. "It is near the end of the piece, and I did so want to get that off last night."

"You very well know, Miss Lesley, that to overlook that would be as much as my place is worth."

"Oh, well, Mr. Kenneth," retorted the girl coolly, as she swiftly changed the shuttles to one of her looms, "you may lay the cloth aside."

"Tell the book-keeper to charge it against my name—I will take it."

John Kenneth marched off in grim silence, while Olive kept on her work with an expression of the most sublime indifference.

At night she took the unlucky web of cotton over one arm, and, in company with one of her mates, started for home.

The factory buildings stood in the suburbs of the town, on the banks of a riotous little stream which took its way through a sloping pasture and a broad strip of fine woodland.

The two girls, following the course of the stream, paused here in the shelter of the trees to rest, and to watch the bright waves which sped away over their rocky bed.

The noise of the rushing water prevented them from hearing the footsteps of a man in the path behind them; but he heard distinctly these words from Olive's lips—

"The new overseer? Bah! I can't bear him!

"He is a crusty old bachelor—he ought to fall in love with some girl, myself for instance, who would flirt with him most unmercifully.

"That, and that only, would bring him to a proper appreciation of his superiors."

Here Olive's companion uttered an ejaculation of dismay, for glancing over her shoulder, she saw John Kenneth standing there, the expression of his face proving that he had overheard Olive's scornful words.

As my heroine sprang to her feet, he turned very deliberately and walked away, leaving the girls to indulge in alternate spasms of laughter and horror.

After that a sly twinkle of fun in John Kenneth's eyes whenever they met her own had the power to confuse and disconcert Olive to such a degree that often and often, crushing back her angry tears, she declared to herself that she hated John Kenneth, and would do anything in her power to humiliate him.

The little stream which ran rollicking by the big mill buildings and through the woodland widened further on into a river.

Ferry-boats made half-hourly trips between the town and the great city which loomed, sombre and forbidding, on the opposite side.

One day, after John Kenneth had been at the factory a month or two, Olive, receiving leave of absence, had visited the city in order to make some purchases.

She was detained by one thing and another, until, when she reached the ferry-house, she was dismayed by the sight of the last boat half-way across the river, its trim white stern gleaming tantalizingly in the moonlight.

Olive turned in despair towards the ferry-house.

At that moment a man's dark figure paused on the threshold. It was John Kenneth. He too, running over to the city on business, had missed the last ferry.

When he recognized Olive he smiled pleasantly at her through the moonlight, and with a frank and respectful kindness, proposed that she should allow him to find her suitable lodgings for the night.

Olive, flushed and mortified, refused decisively, and announced her intention of spending the night there.

"Then I shall remain with you, Olive."

Something in the grave, kind voice thrilled Olive with a sense of happiness which she wilfully endeavored to smother.

The ferry-keeper came in presently to look up, but a something slipped from Kenneth's hand into his prevailed upon him to leave the waiting-room, with its bare floor and long wooden settees, unfastened.

When the first rosy flush of day was tinging the eastern sky across the river, and some early passengers began to gather about the slip, John Kenneth smiled in the girl's white and weary face, with a hint of the old roguishness in his eyes, and held out his hands.

"What can I do to gain your friendship, Olive? I am not half the 'crusty old bachelor' you think me. Come, shake hands."

Olive looked at him defiantly.

That unlucky allusion to her hasty speech hardened the heart that was just beginning to soften to him.

"No, Mr. Kenneth," she said slowly, "I don't like you well enough to shake hands with you. And the greatest possible service that you can do me is to keep from everybody the knowledge that circumstances forced me to spend the night in your company."

Foolish, ignorant little Olive!

She did not guess how rude and ungrateful her words sounded, she was so intent upon showing this man how little she cared for him.

He turned away.

"You may be sure that I shall never mention it," he said, coldly.

He walked down towards the boat, leaving Olive to follow alone.

No sooner had Kenneth made his appearance at his boarding-house that morning, than he was arrested for robbing the factory office safe on the preceding night.

The watchman coming in rather late had met a man just leaving the office.

He never doubted that the man was Kenneth, for he had seen distinctly the lower part of his face, with its square chin and thick black moustache.

A soft felt hat, like the one which the overseer wore, was pulled down over his eyes.

"Is it you, Mr. Kenneth?" the watchman had called.

"Yes. Good-night, Perkins!" was the reply, as the man locked the office door, and walked away very deliberately through the moonlight.

It was then eleven o'clock, and at midnight the watchman entered the office from one of the back rooms and found everything in order.

But Mr. Farwell, the mill-owner, having occasion to visit the safe early in the morning, found that it had been opened and robbed of a large amount.

Farwell remembered showing the overseer—in whom, until now, he had had the most unbounded confidence—the working of the combination lock on the safe not three weeks before.

Some surprise was expressed at the want of forethought and the small attempt at secrecy displayed by the criminal, and when Kenneth indignantly denied the charge against him, his employer laughed in silent, angry scorn.

A preliminary examination was held the next morning in the police-court.

Kenneth's face wore a curious look of expectancy—there was not a shadow of fear or of shame there.

"Mr. Kenneth," the judge was saying, "you tell us that you were not at the factory at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. It has been proved that you were absent from your boarding-place. It now remains for you to prove where you spent that night."

Kenneth hesitated and finally replied:

"Your honor, I decline to state my whereabouts at that time. I can only repeat solemnly that I was not at the factory, and that I am in no way concerned in this shameful affair!"

At that moment there was a slight bustle at the door.

John Kenneth turned eagerly in that direction, a radiant smile breaking over his dark face as Olive entered—Olive, right from the mill in her calico dress and long apron and straw hat, her big grey eyes bright with excitement, and her cheeks and lips a vivid carmine.

The mill-owner recognized one of his own weavers, and led her straight to the judge's desk, where she told her story in a clear, straightforward fashion that carried conviction with it.

The judge acquitted the prisoner with a compliment for his chivalry, and a sly congratulation on his future prospects.

Mr. Farwell frankly asked forgiveness of his overseer, and finally, Kenneth found himself at liberty to follow Olive, who, her duty performed, had turned her footsteps towards the little grove through which the mill stream ran.

Here Kenneth found her, and here he poured into her ear a story which brought a deeper flush to her round cheek, and the light of happy love into her eyes; for Olive's own warm heart asserted itself then and there.

She was forced to confess her love for that crusty old bachelor of an overseer.

The real thief?

He was a nephew of Mr. Farwell's.

Being about Kenneth's size and complexion, a false moustache had effectually disguised him.

He was overtaken two days later, however, just as he was on the point of escape.

But he returned the stolen money, and the affair was hushed up.

Need we add that John and Olive were married shortly after?

CHINESE LETTERS.

FOR their correspondence the Chinese make use of a great variety of paper. As they lay claim, on good grounds, to the invention of the process of manufacturing paper, they can defend against the world a claim to making it of the greatest known variety of colors. For notes of invitation and of acceptance, and, in general, for all uses of social politeness, the paper is cut in sheets of about ten inches in length by four inches in width. Paper of this kind is commonly unruled, and, of course, it is written upon only on one side. The perpendicular columns in which their writing is always done run lengthwise down the page. Assorted lots of this paper will always be of various colors. The national color of China (her imperial yellow), the color of her flag and of the throne, is also a favorite color for paper as it is for many articles of dress. It is not at all unlikely that this preference is a survival of the ancient worship of the sun, now forgotten by the people, but betraying its earlier prevalence in just such popular fancies as this. With this yellow paper, of every shade from bright golden to pale straw color, are put up other varieties—green, scarlet, blue; in fact, paper of every hue and tint art can produce.

Envelopes suited to the uses of fashion are made about six inches long and three inches wide, white, with commonly a crimson stripe of an inch or more in width lengthwise down the middle on the front. The envelope is closed at the end and the address is written in a column down the length of the crimson stripe.

For all the more ordinary purposes of business correspondence the paper used is in sheets which are about nine inches wide and some three feet or more in length. This paper is of closer, firmer texture, and of a harder and smoother finish than the more genteel note-paper. It is white or tinted slightly pink, lilac, peach-blossom, or pale straw color. It is ruled with red lines, about an inch apart, across its width, and may be written over on both sides. These sheets are folded crosswise in plaits, and are enclosed in envelopes similar in size and form to the variety known here as "official." The large envelopes are, like the smaller ones, sealed at the end.

All the different kinds of paper are made of silk, of cotton, or of rice straw, and the paper is so rough and soft and spongy that a steel or quill pen cannot be used upon it, and the ink we use would spread and blot all the surfaces. The ink employed is what we call India ink, put upon the paper with small, fine-pointed brushes of camel's hair, set in handles of a light, hollow reed, eight or ten inches long.

When the writer is ready to begin his letter he unfolds the sheet of paper and writes first of all at the upper right-hand corner the name of the person to be addressed, writing downward in a perpendicular column between the lines that have been ruled in the making of the paper. Every character is a word by itself, and is made with a certain number of strokes, mostly straight or turning at right angles.

In writing the names of persons, the family name, which we call surname, because it was an added name that came into use in comparatively recent times, is put first, and after it are written the names given at christening.

All titles of honor and respect are written after the name of the person. If the person addressed be of equal rank with the writer and very considerably older, he may be given the title father; but this usage is rare.

It is more common to use the word uncle. If the difference in rank be slight, and the one addressed be the higher of the two, then he will be called "elder brother."

Those who are much higher in rank must not be written to directly.

If, for example, a mandarin of the third rank desires to communicate with one of the fifth rank, he will write to a mandarin of the fourth rank, and ask of him, as of an elder brother, that he will receive a message to be delivered to their august elder of the fifth.

Sometimes a message passes through several hands on its way to parties of different rank.

The person thus formally addressed may, if he chooses to condescend so far, return an answer direct: but it will be quite proper and more usual for the reply to be made through the very same channel as that by which the message came.

The putting the name at the extreme upper margin of the paper is of prime importance towards showing due respect. If it can be crowded and cramped for space, so much the better.

The Chinese are great sticklers for precedence, and with them place means everything.

After the name and title have been written, the column is written down; perhaps to the foot of the paper, perhaps not.

If one looks over a Chinese letter he cannot fail to notice that the written columns are of very unequal length.

Sometimes two, three, or more columns will be filled to the bottom; then one will stop less than half-way down.

These breaks look, to English eyes, very much like divisions in paragraphs, or, at any rate, we naturally expect to find full pauses here. The chances are that the pauses will fall somewhere in the midst of the columns.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague, Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in the world that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER **CURES**

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. **Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York**

Established 1853.

KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.

Office and Salesroom: 1329 Ridge Avenue.

Factory: 1311 & 1313 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Oasian, Ind., July 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H.

Secor, Ill., July 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Oquawka, Ill., July 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. H. C.

Makanda, Ill., July 26, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

I. L.

Barry, Mo, July 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. T. D.

Neosho, Mo., July 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. M. L.

Alford, Pa., July 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

F. Y.

Columbiaville, Mich, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., July 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

S. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, June 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

L. F. D.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., June 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

My name is grasshopper; high as I can,
Here I hop, there I hop—little old man!
Look at my countenance, aged and thin;
Look at my crooked legs, all doubled in.
Do I not look long, sober and wan?
Do I not look like a little old man?
Yet all the summer I play in the grass,
Jump up and stick to whoever may pass.
Where, then, I hide myself they never can guess,
Never know where I am till they undress.
Finger and thumb then they snap me away,
Though they must know how much rather I'd stay.
Flung out of the window I'm certain to be;
Nobody cares what becomes of poor me!
E'en though the hen might be there with her brood—
A grasshopper's feeling, they are not understood!

Humorous.

A shocking disaster—An earthquake.

A serious movement on foot—The coming corn or bunion.

Where do ghosts come from?—From gnome man's land.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after they are embraced.

It is the father of twins who knows what it is to be up all night with the boys.

If the sun is not an invalid, why does it always go South to spend the winter.

Alcohol can now be produced from acorns, and the song will soon be, "tall larks from little acorns grow."

The slanderers are the men whom Darwin meant, for all time they have been, and are still, tale bearers.

What machine would lessen the expenses of the young man in the summer season? Why, the ice cream freezer, sir.

A Bridgeport, Conn., corset manufacturer is making base balls. We thought base balls were made in foundries.

Why are tailors supposed to be good judges of human nature?—Because they can take any man's measure the first they see him.

A Boston school-teacher is charged with saying to his graduating class: "Young ladies, if Providence plants you upon a barren rock, grow into it and extract the honey from it."

Young men don't pay the minister over $10. You will need all your currency the first time Belena puts her dimpled around your neck and tries to trade off two kisses for a spring bonnet.

There is something transcendentally beautiful about the contributor to a country paper assuming all the responsibility of the article to which his name is subjoined. But the editor is compelled to dodge the club all the same.

A savant adduces as another proof of the truth of the theory of the survival of the fittest as it relates to the human race, that children almost invariably resemble their richest and best-looking relatives.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1, at Druggists.

It always sounds pretty to say, "The sun has sunk beneath the Western horizon," but a moment's reflection shows that it is about the only horizon he could sink behind under the circumstances. When he feels like sinking he always selects the Western horizon.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

A couple were discussing what name to give their recently-arrived infant. "Let us name him after your uncle who went to Kansas last year for his health," suggested the mother. "I'd like to name the boy after him, but how are we to find out what name he goes by now?" answered the author of the child's existence.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

If a man wants to enjoy all the rigors of an Arctic expedition this summer, all he has to do is to put on his duster and an old felt hat, and just drop in on a neighbor in a jolly, informal style, just as tea is announced when the neighbor has very select company invited. He won't get warm until some time along in August.

Superfluous Hair.

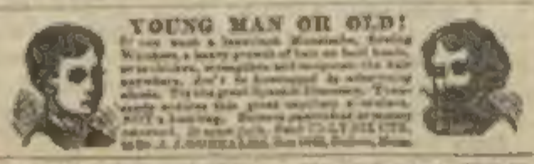
Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00, THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD. Essay Free. *The Morphine User*; 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, ILL.



YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $90. Pianos, $237.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

COPPER LINEN MARKER STAMP, $1; RUBBER 60 cents, with Indelible Ink. Send for circulars. J. GOLDSBOROUGH, 723 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

50 LARGE all new Chromo Cards for 1883 with name 10c. Try me. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED!

Canvassing Agents can make more money selling the NEW and BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED edition of

Uncle Tom's Cabin

This edition has just been issued, and contains 593 pages, and 106 spirited illustrations.

Sold only by Subscription

WE Do not sell this edition to Booksellers.
Will outsell every other book.
For terms, address

WM. D. ALLEN & CO.,
121 South Seventh St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED. A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK:

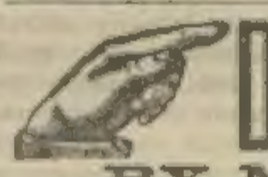
NEW YORK by GASLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address
DOUGLASS BROS., 55 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.
Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 8½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Write U's free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune—cost $1 worth free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.



DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.
Correspondence solicited.
Samples and information free.
"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $3; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.
For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations bound with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from $3 to $600
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

Visiting Cards 50 Chromos Latest Designs, no two alike 10c. 13 pks. $1, or 25 large chromos 10c. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of samples 25cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

Louisiana State Lottery.

B. FRANK MOORE.

127 La Salle St., Chicago,

(Formerly 319 and 212 Brodway, N. Y.)

New Manager Chicago Office,

to whom apply for information and tickets.

186th MONTHLY DRAWING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. *See full scheme elsewhere in this paper*

ORGANS
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organ built on the old plan. $80, $90, $50 & to 11 stops. ☞ *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. A. L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.
The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.
It never scales or postpones.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, September 12, 1882.—148th Monthly Drawing.
Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of
General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,
who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

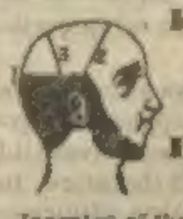
1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
70	do	300	21,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

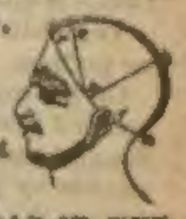
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1287	Prizes, amounting to		$255,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.
N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.



R. DOLLARD.
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as ordered.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR

L. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FASHION has been making rapid strides lately, for the season is at its heigth, and now one hears on all sides of the preparations for sea-side and country trips.

The elegant mondaines are scarcely less busy than the millinery and dressmakers who are at their wits end to know who to listen to, or what to finish off first; for in one respect this season is no exception to preceding ones; there are still the same number of ladies who wait till the last moment that they may have the very latest dresses or a bonnet, the shape of which has not hitherto been seen.

With regard to millinery, it cannot be denied that the prevailing tendency leans rather to some astonishing mode than to the side of good taste.

Something dazzling must be produced, either a peculiar shape, or coloring, or ornamentation.

So eccentric in fact are many, that a description is difficult.

We might almost go further, and say that those modes were simple and modest compared with some that have been produced lately.

These extravagances, however, are never ventured upon by the veritable grande dame; she, in the present day, as always, contents herself with what is becoming, as well as fashionable, and for this reason the Lambelle, the Marie Antoinette, and the Pamela Chapeaux, hold their own.

And for ladies liking a small shape, there is the little capote of beaned tulle, chiffonne and ornamented with jet and other clasps, with tulle strings; and the stylish little cluster of maize roses falling partly over the hair at the back.

The description of such a bonnet is simple enough, but the style is in exquisite taste.

Varied indeed are the shapes and styles of the bonnets this season. Out of a hundred, or even a thousand, were one to scrutinise them at any fete, there would not be two found alike.

There exists, in fact, a sort of carnival of fancy, for it is this, rather than good taste, that has produced so many new fashions. The true elegante, of course, will, as ever, eschew extravagance of style, and confine her selections to bonnets of exquisite taste, that serve to enhance innate elegance.

As to the very large and grotesque shapes that continually meet the eye, all who give the subject one moment's consideration will know that they by no means interpret the real modes Francaises that are so universally lauded, and which have constituted Paris the very centre of good taste and of elegance.

Take, for instance, the hats. There will be one flattened over the ear on one side, projecting very much in front, and raised on the opposite side, more like those worn in the conspirators' chorus of Mdme. Angot than anything else.

Then another will have the brim so bent on the top as to look something like an opera hat folded.

And those bent down over the eyes, with the shallow side brim, literaly smothered in flowers, and the no less eccentric shape, raised in front like the hat of some village merry Andrew, with a large bunch of flowers in the centre.

All these peculiarities show how fashion is swerving from the right path, that of good taste, and is drifting on to dangerous ground that it is almost time to cry, halt!

Veritable elegance needs no self-assertion no puffing.

On the contrary, it is always simple, modest, and graceful. It never appears imposing, and just for that very reason irresistibly attracts by its distinction and therefore impresses the beholder and enlists admiration for the real elegante.

We hope to be forgiven this slight criticism upon the bonnets of the season.

Some of our readers, we are sure, will join issue with us; and as to the milliners, having mentioned no names, we can hardly have incurred their displeasure.

Besides as they are all guilty, in a measure, of extravagance and bad taste, knowing, as they must well, what they do, the justice of our remarks can hardly be questioned, even by the most susceptible modistes.

It is still in the best taste to have the bonnet made as much as possible to match as the dress with which it is to be worn, a fashion, it must be owned, that is far more becoming than the extraordinary contrasts of color one sometimes sees.

A running indeed is the discussion that has lately been agitated about the redingote. On one side we hear it spoken of as an absolute novelty, while others declare it is cousine germaine to the old fashioned polonaise.

Redingote or polonaise, however, we have seen some very fantastic designs which our readers will, we think, be glad to have described.

One was opened at the side, with one of the pans falling flat, and the other in the form of a panier, with detached robings; showing, both at the front and back, a magnificent satin and velvet striped jupe.

What principally gives such a wonderful style to these costumes is the material used; the large bouquets embroidered in silk look very original, and altogather distinct from the plain polonaise of some years ago. Indeed, comparison between the two, owing to the change of fabric, can hardly be made.

A leader of fashion appeared a few days ago in a military redingote, with the straight collar band.

This was made in blue cloth of the huzzar color, embroidered with silver and fine black soutache.

The entire plastron was covered with this exquisite embroidery; the collar, pockets, and huzzar somoniere having the same ornamentation.

These garments are being largely patronized just now; and no wonder, for they are most becoming when well made.

Indeed, when the duchesse mantle or coquettish pelisse is put on one side, nothing more stylish could be adopted than the redingote, which on those who understand how to wear it looks a most patrician vetement.

A few years ago, the cut of a bodice was the ground work of the dressmaker's science; the stumbling block in fact of the entire dress.

This difficulty once being overcome, and the successful fit of a corsage accomplished, the rest was easy enough. The shape of the skirt remained always the same: a few flounces or kiltings, more or less perhaps, but that was all.

This is all altered now. The skirt needs an art in cutting, a science in the draping that equal, if they do not exceed, the difficulties of the corsage.

Just now, for instance, the pointed bodice is the leading, if not the only style for the summer. But which is the favorite skirt? Which relieve, or which vertugadin shall be adopted, and where shall a stand be made respecting the amount of ornamentation?

To ladies not forced to practice economy we would say wear all in turn, for a choice is really bewildering.

Nevertheless, we will describe a few novelties. A skirt of soft hortensia silk, such as a surah serge, plaited a la flamande, and ornamented at the bottom with the lappets in the form of inverted bells; across the middle of the skirt is a scarf of broche gauze, the pattern of the broche, bouquets of roses, on a foundation of hortensia; the scarf going round the skirt and finishing on the right side with a sort of flowing loop or bow.

The little panier is formed of seven puffs coming from the point of the corsage, and, enlarging on the hips in a half-circle, is prettily raised at the back, gracefully revealing the slenderness of the waist.

The panier borders the edge of the basque, but nowhere covers it at all, and thus the waist is lengthened in appearance. For very light materials, such as surah or broche gauze, the panier should be made on a net foundation, laying flat over the hips and to which all puffings can, here and there, be caught down by a stitch, or as to prevent them spreading out too much.

In another hortensia toilette recently worn by a grande dame, the paniers were bordered with a ruching of lace a la vieille, with detached pampilles of beads, somewhat fringe-like in form, between each plaiting of the ruche.

These ornaments are used on everything; on the skirts, for example, that are plaited a la flamande, in the spaces between the plaits will be little choux of lace with these clusters of beads coming from the centre. The effect is extremely pretty. Passementerie in fact is much used in every form on all good dresses.

Fireside Chat.

FANS, AND HOW THEY USED THEM.

MOST girls like fans. We have come to this conclusion after due consideration of the subject, and also that we should not think quite so well of them if they did not.

The little innocent pleasure experienced at the first garden party, when the dainty evantail is brought into requisition to cool the smiling, flushed face after a game a lawn tennis, is not to be regarded as incipient vanity and love of show.

It is simply a phase of youth's genuine delight in all pretty things.

On the tombs at Thebes representations of this useful article found, by which we learn that they were known three thousand years ago. We should think it strange in these practical busy days, to say the least of it, to see gentlemen dangling fans in their hands, but in the thirteenth century B. C. it was considered a mark of honor to bear one.

They were made in the shape of a screen, supported by a long handle, and only princes and men of known courage, or those who commanded armies, carried them. The elegant taste displayed by the Greeks in the classic forms of their vases was not wanting in the style of their fans; the exquisite plumage of birds was pressed into their service, whereby they obtained not alone perfect coloring, but graceful outlines.

The custom then was for acolytes in the temple to drive off the flies by waving a fan when sacrifices were being offered. From the Roman ladies, the most noble of whom never walked abroad unaccompanied by her fan-bearer, the ladies of Spain and France acquired the habit of carrying a fan, until they became so common an appendage to the toilette that it would seem to have been peculiar to appear without one.

A fan is still a favorite item in a French lady's costume. Such elegant luxuries are well fitted for their dainty fingers to toy with.

In France we read that 60,000 workpeople are employed in manufacturing fans, and their annual value exceeds 10,000,000 francs. China and Japan have always been noted for these articles, and they export them in large quantities.

Lacquered fans are their specialite. Latterly fans possessing historic interest, or ornamented by the pencils of Watteau and Boucher, have been in great demand, and some ladies have quite a collection that they prize as highly as others do their pieces of old Dresden.

During our Queen Mary's reign ladies were in the habit of carrying feather fans, with handles a yard in length, with which they chastised their refractory daughters. The twenty-seven fans owned by Queen Elizabeth at the time of her death would probably be considered quite a meagre allowance by some fashionable young dames of the present time.

The Queen's fans, however, were costly affairs; here, as an example, is the description of one given by the Earl of Leicester to her Majesty: "A funne of white fethers sett in a handell of golde; the one side thereof garnished with twoe very fayre emeralds, especially one, and fully garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and the back part and handell of lyke gold, garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and on each side a white beare and twoe perles hanging, a lyon ramping with a white moseled beare at his foote."

Another possessed by the Maiden Queen was valued at four hundred dollars—a large sum in those days. Catherine de Medici introduced the folding fans into France, which are the fashion at the present time. When Addison lived, ladies were adepts in the art of playing with their fans, and in the Spectator there is an amusing article holding up to ridicule the style of using them which was prevalent at that period. The author says that "women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them.

To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at Court."

Fortunately, a long apprenticeship was not considered necessary to acquire the correct mode of management, for "a woman of tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine."

When told to "Handle their fans, each one shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arm fall in an easy motion."

By unfurling the fan is understood "several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned after a month's practice."

When told to discharge their fans "they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance if the wind fits fair."

Grounding the fan "teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance." Recovering the fan is "when they are thus disarmed to catch it up of a sudden." Fluttering the fan "is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter.

I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it, and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or a coquette according to the nature of the person who bears it."

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Correspondence.

HESSE, (Bridesburg, Pa.)—In Philadelphia 2,240 pounds are generally considered a ton.

W. B., (Vernon, La.)—In France, every writer for the press is obliged to sign his real name to his articles.

KOS, (Cambridge, Pa.)—It is impossible to answer "which one of the Presidents had the best educated wife."

IBID, (Keokuk, Iowa.)—She may stop wearing crape after three months if you like, but in your present circumstances it would certainly indicate a want of feeling.

SORROW, (Marion, Ill.)—The best advice we can give you is to think no more about the young man. He is evidently only playing with you, and his sorrow at your disappointment is mere pretence.

SAMMY J., (Wayne, N. Y.)—She is probably only trying to tease you, or maybe she simply acts in a thoughtless way, without intending any harm. Some girls are very fond of a little mischief.

WALNUT, (Scioto, O.)—1. Yes. 2. There is no harm in doing so, but you need not lift your hat to a gentleman unless you choose. 3. Open a conversation with her. 4. Ask her if she would do you the honor to take a walk with you. 5. Common sense.

LITTLE, (Bridgeton, N. J.)—With some people nothing will prevent the hair from becoming gray at an early age. If you are ashamed of it, the only thing you can do with it is to dye it; but we would strongly advise you to let it alone, and let nature take its course.

ANXIOUS, (Macon, Ga.)—Why do you not ask her what she is angry about? She would probably tell you, and then you could pacificate matters, if you thought it best to do so. After that you would doubtless be able to judge for yourself whether to continue visiting her or not.

INQUIRER, (Delaware, Pa.)—John Wesley was the author of the axiom: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." Cowper wrote:

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

2. In Longfellow's Hyperion we find: "Sorrow shows us truths even as the night brings out stars."

STUDENT B., (Norfolk, Mass.)—Ancient lights is a legal phrase, and means that the undisturbed enjoyment of light and air for a period of twenty years and upwards gives a right which cannot be disturbed. As, for instance, if you took possession of a house or a piece of land for twenty years, and used it as your own, and no person during that period challenged your possession, it would then become your own absolute property.

MANX, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Now that you have found out that the young lady is loveable, and that you love her, you would be very mean-spirited to desert her because her family is not all that you could wish. She cannot be held responsible for her brother's conduct, and if she has grown up in unfavorable surroundings such that you wish to make her your wife, she deserves the more credit for it, and you are the more fortunate to have won her.

REDWOOD, (St. Paul, Minn.)—If you are wise you will have nothing whatever to do with the affair. The adage about interfering in other people's quarrels is "somewhat musty," but it is none the less pertinent, and applies with double force in the case of husband and wife. It is very sad, no doubt, that after all these years they cannot settle down and be comfortable together, but our experience of such matters is that the interference of friends, however well meant, very seldom has good results.

GLAZIER, (Oswego, N. Y.)—No one knows who first made glass. Like other discoveries, it was no doubt, in the first instance, accidental. Pliny's account of it is that glass was discovered by mariners, who, forced to seek the shore as a refuge from a severe tempest, discovered glass in the ashes of a fire with which they had cooked their food. Whether this event ever happened or not, it is quite certain that it might have happened, as the sand of many beaches, with the ashes of some kind of fuel, would, when fused together, inevitably form glass, as will be seen upon a consideration of its composition.

WOOD, (Lee, Va.)—The Beef-eaters, a corruption of buffetiers, were the first permanent military band instituted in England. They were instituted at the coronation of Henry VII., 30th Oct. 1485, and were attendants on the King's buffet or sideboards. They were of a larger stature than other guards, being required to be over six feet in height, and were armed with arquebuses and other arms. At first they were only fifty strong, but Henry's successors increased their number to one hundred men, together with seventy supernumeraries. We believe this is their number at the present time. They are clad after the manner of King Henry VIII., and are stationed at the Tower of London and at Windsor.

A. F. A., (Gallatin, Ky.)—Your friend is right and you are wrong; there are such phenomena as dust showers in some parts of the world. These singular phenomena occur every year in China. During the showers there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates the houses, reaching apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great desert of Gobi, as the sand of Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried thousands of miles away. The Chinese, while sensible to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are reconciled to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture.

ANDY, (Waldo, Me.)—You ask whether there is any truth whatever in the statements you have frequently heard made of late, concerning people being restored to life by artificial respiration. We cannot say, but, like yourself, have read of several startling instances of its efficacy. For instance, a three-year old child had apparently died, and was considered as having passed over to the majority for three and a half hours. At the end of that time a physician set up an artificial respiration and kept up the process for four hours, when the child returned to life. A person had been under water for ten minutes, and was evidently drowned. Another physician, however, after four hours of labor, managed to make natural succeed artificial breathing, and so reanimated his patient. In some instances artificial respiration will be found of great efficacy in removing poison from the lungs and glands. In any case of asphyxia hope should not be abandoned until hours of trial of artificial respiration gives no encouraging result.